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Selected for the Saturday Evening Post.

ISABEL OF AUSTRIA.

Within the Palace bowers of Hungary, imperial Presburg's pride,
With the noble born and beautiful, assembled at her side,
She stood beneath the summer heaven, the soft winds sighing on,
Stirring the green and arching bows, like dancers in the sun;
The beautiful pomgranites gold, the snowy orange bloom,
The lotus, and the creeping vine, the rose's meek perfume;
The willow, crowning with its green, some statue's marble hair,
All that might charm the exquisite sense, or light the soul, was there.

But she, a monarch's treasured one, leaned gloomily apart,
With her dark eye tearfully cast down, and a shadow on her heart;
Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow hath she known?
Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred as her own;
Is not her lord the kingliest in battle field or bower,
The foremost at the council hall, or at the banquet hour,
Is not his love as full and deep, as his own Danube's tide,—
And wherefore in her princely home, weeps Isabel, his bride.

Raised her jewell'd hand, and flung her veiling tresses back;
Bathing its snowy tapering, beneath their glossy black—
A tear fell on the orange leaves, rich gem, and mimic blossom,
And fringed robes shook fearfully, upon her sighing bosom;
"Smile on, smile on, she murmured low, for all is joy around,
Gay trembling sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs, and blossomed ground,
'Tis meet, the light of heart should smile, when nature's brow is fair,
And melody and fragrance meet—twin sisters of the air.

But ask not me to join with ye, the beauty of the scene,
The fountain fall, mosaic walk, and tesellated green;
And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer sun,
I know how very fair is all, the hand of God hath done;
The sun, the sky, the hurrying cloud, the fountain leaping forth—
The sweeping trees, the scented flowers, the dark, green robes of earth,
I love them still; but I have learned to turn aside from all,
And never more my heart must own their sweet, but fatal thrall.

And I could love the noble one whose mighty name I bear,
And cherish to my bursting heart, his hallowed image wear;
And I could mark our sweet young flower, expanding day by day,
And taste of that unearthly joy, which mothers only may;
But no, I may not turn to earth, that voice is in mine ear—
That shadow lingers by my side—the death wail and the bier—
The cold and sunless night of death, where day may never beam—
The silence, and the loathsomeness, the sleep which hath no dream.

Oh, God! to leave this fair, bright world, and more than all to know,
The moment when the spectral one, shall deal his deadly blow;
To know the day, the very hour, to feel the tide roll on,
To shudder at the gloom before, and mourn the sunshine gone;
To count the days, the few short days of light, and life, and breath,
Between me and the noisome grave, the voiceless home of death—
Alas if knowing, feeling this, I shudder at my doom;
Let not thy frowning, off, my God, lend darkness to the tomb.

Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled amid the chill
Remembrance of my certain doom, that lingers near me still—
I would not cloud my fair child's heart, nor see a tear drop dim
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should sadden him;
But there are moments when the gush of feeling hath its way,
That hidden tide of unnamed woe, nor love nor fear may stay;
Smile on, smile on, light hearted ones, your sun of joy is high—
Smile on, and leave the doomed of heaven, to weep, to fade, and die."

* * * * * *

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy pile,
A coffin with its gorgeous pall, was borne along the aisle,
The banners of a kingly race, waved high above the dead,
A mighty band of mourners came! a king was at their head,
Their youthful king, with mournful tread, and dark and tearful eye,
He had not deemed that one so pure, as his fair bride could die;
And sad and wild above the throng, the funeral anthem rung,
Mourn for the hope of Austria! mourn for the loved and young.

The wail went up from other lands—the valties of the Hun—
Fair Perna with its orange bowers, its hills of vine and sun—
The lillies of Imperial France, drooped as the sound went by—
The long lament of cloistered Spain, was mingled with the cry;
All wept the early stricken flower,—and burst from every tongue—
Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel!—mourn for the loved and young!

ESSEX.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SUICIDE:

A TALE OF THE ANCIENT DOMINION.

"Deep vale of sorrow! from life's early day
Amid thy cypress shades a sojourner,
Woes of dread name have mark'd thy winding way,
And fore'd from feeling's fount the burning tear;
The tear let unrequited love and truth
For honour fall; or, the portion'd blush of shame,
The rending pang of unrequited hopes of youth—
The pangs of woman's pride for blasted fame;—
All these are mine—and more I may not—durst not name."

From the Suicide, a Prize Poem.

It was midnight: the cold, round moon shone brightly down on the woodland paths of an ancient oak-forest, whose gigantic and time-worn growth seemed to have braved the storms of an hundred years. Along one of the narrowest of its oververging avenues advanced a youthful and solitary figure who, with the buoyant step of hope and happiness, hastened after a long absence, to the home of his father's. The only son of Dunbar Dallas, one of the wealthiest of the band of patricians, who, at this era (1745,) lorded it over the fair domain of Virginia,—he had been sent abroad, at an early age, for the purposes of education: and after some years spent at the Universities of old England, and in foreign travel, was now returning to his paternal halls full of talent and accomplishment—and well fitted by birth and bearing for high place among the aristocracy of the land. During his sojourn in Europe, he had sickened of the worst horrours of the *met-degree*; and of the marble palaces of luxury and the cloisters of science, his heart yearned alike for the simple scenes of his trans-atlantic birth-place, over the memory of whose sylvan delights, he sighed astoundly as the first parents for the *lost glories of Paradise*. At length a period was put to his projection: the paternal mandate recalled him to America—and though a passage unusually tempestuous and protract d mocked his impatience, our young traveller landed in safety on the shores of his own native province, as our now United States were then severally designated.

Too eager for the embrace of kindred to throw himself in the way of those friends, from whose boundless hospitality an early escape would have been a matter of impossibility,—Wilford Dallas hurried on incog—and with each speed the sons brought him to his journey's end. Towards ten o'clock in the evening—we are now commencing—he arrived at a little ordinary in one of the guiland counties of Virginia, about six miles from the family-seat; which distance was abridged, however, nearly the one half, by a short cut through the forest practicable only for pedestrians. Leaving his servant and horses to go forward by the public road, he struck into that—and was soon deep in the green recesses of the woods, which he remembered as the scene of so many boyish sports and adventures. No sound disturbed the serenity of night, save the echo of his own footfall, as he stepped rapidly along, guided by the pale rays of the queen of Heaven, whose tremulous streaks of silver light, as they fell upon his path through the openings in the oaken glades, were chequered occasionally by the shadows of the huge boughs, undulating slowly on the breeze.

A thousand fond and agitating fancies came crowding on each other with an approach to the hallowed spot, hitherto associated in his mind only with images of gaiety and affection. There thrilled in full energy through the heart of young Dallas, all those chilling doubts, those unnerving alternations of hope and fear, that beset even the coldest and sternest breasts, when after years of absence, one revisits the haunts of early youth, and trembles to think on what vicissitudes time may have brought among all that is near and dear to us. The letters, which the more the brave had summoned him home, spoke, though in vague terms, of the incorporation of Miss Dallas: so there had been sickness—it might have terminated in death: and his return to the seat of his ancestors, was perhaps, but to learn the consummation of all earthly ills, to the person of his sole and darling sister. While crossing the Atlantic, and on his way from the sea-side, he had easily chased away these melancholy ideas: but now they recurred with such force and distinctness as almost amounted to presentiment. In vain he revisted the ominous influence: insensibly it pervaded his imagination, which, as he hurried onward, bodied forth numberless phantoms of gloomy hue; and his "bosom's lord" that day, "sitting highly on his throne," now sunk within him at the sound of the night wind, as it went moaning through the leaves like the voice of distant lamentation.

On he passed through the dark and lonely forest, ascribing his oppressive sensations to the close and sombre aspect of its lofty shades, from which he rejoiced to emerge at last into the open moon light. Before him lay, in wide extent, the Dalton-dale territories: and quickening his pace, as he entered them over one of those sleverly fences—then, as now, the reproach and disfurnement of Virginia—he found himself, after scaling a low and mouldering brick wall, that intercepted further progress, in the family burying-ground—or is counter parlance, the grave yard—The last named was covered a full acre of ground: on this "silent habitation of the dead," whose forgotten inhabitants lay buried in repose as still and unconscious as the quiet beauty that slept on their verdant covering. The pendant boughs of the weeping willow, blended with the locust, the ash and the tall foliage of the Lombardy poplar (then esteemed the most ornamental of trees) waved over the crumbling heaps of earth, that, without other emblem of distinction, disclosed the various resting-places of mortality.

A feeling of involuntary awe stealing over him, Wilford made the best of his devious way among the grass-grown graves, on which he carefully avoided to tread till he drew near a cluster of stately cedars, whose wide and mossy limbs nearly embowered amid their dusky foliage, a tomb of the purest Italian marble, which, imported from England at great expense, was gazed at by the whole country, with as much admiration, as the ship of Columbus by the Aborigines of Hispaniola. The father of the present possessor of Dalton-dale had placed this monument over the mortal reliquies of a beloved wife, and on his death-bed, enjoined his son and successor, to pay due like respect to his memory. Accordingly orders were sent home (as the inscription effected) to embalm the mother country) for a costly grave stone; but the partial intercourse between Great Britain and her dependencies on this side the water, delayed its arrival many months: and when at last it came—a superstitious cause, characteristic of the times—and in the present instance implicitly obeyed, forbid its erection till it should occur as a part of the funeral obsequies of a Dallas. Just as our wanderer attained the spot, the pale moon-shine, glittering on the white and polished surface of the tombs—as they now stood side by side, made him aware that another subject had been recently added to that square of death by the awful visitation of the fell destroyer.

Thus confirmed in his latent forebodings, he was seized with a momentary sickness at the heart, that sunk him in an attitude of stupified bewilderment against one of the marble sediments, about which the ivy crept in tangled luxuriance: and here he leant awhile as one blasted by some horrible fate. Until long, mournful cry bursting on the silence of the night-air, startled him from his trance. His giddy senses not immediately recognising the sound, he made a hasty movement in the direction whence it issued: it was repeated—and Rover, a favourite spaniel, that he had left in the charge of his sister when departing on what he deemed his exile—came bounding to his feet with all the wild display of canine joy. He stooped to caress the faithful creature, whose sudden appearance and ready acknowledgment of him, called up a crowd of contending emotions—and then turned to pursue his way: but Rover crouching before him, looked up in his face with a wistful expression, and then started onwards on an obscure corner of the cemetery. Disregarding the monitions of the sagacious brute, Dallas walked swiftly onward to the stately mansion of his sires, now visible to his searching eyes—its heavy outline and many chimnies clearly defined on the deep blue of the autumnal sky—till feeling something pull the end of his cambist riding cloak, he turned around, and beheld the dog, who, with the hair between his teeth, endeavoured to impel him another way. Loosening the garment from his hold and sternly rebuking the animal, his kindness would have passed: but *Rover laid himself down* in the path, and alternately *whining and whimpering for forgiveness*, started up and ran a short distance, where he stood, wagging his tail, and seeming by his eager and wistful looks to implore his master's attendance. Struck with the animal's singular pertinacity, he resolved to see whether it tended, and followed his dumb but intelligent guide into the most remote quarter of the solemn enclosure, and within a few paces of a new made grave, planted with periwinkle and sweet briar, and on aged willow drooping its long gray branches over the bed. Rover stretched himself on the freshly heaped turf, broke out in doleful and vehement lamentations, which, every now and then, he suspended, and eyed his companion as if beseeching him to join in the wail.

His worst fears, dispelled by the sight of this lone and distant sepulture, wherein had probably been deposited the remains of some humble fourth or fifth cousin of his house. Wilford did not stay to admire the wonderful instinct, which, by drawing him hither, had lightened his mind of its overwhelming load—but leaving Rover to make night hideous by his lugubrious cries, turned his back on the cheerless scene, and with a step quickened by the rapture of hope, regained the road, and pursued his journey with redoubled speed. Suddenly a confused noise without, succeeded by the clamorous and deep-mouthed baying of a pack of hounds that kennelled near the house, indicated the approach of a stranger: after a brief interval, a low and respectful tap was given at the door of the chamber, and an old servant, run high in trust and consideration, who had lately, by command, kept nightly watch beside a blazing fire in the hall, entered with the stealthy and subservential step of an Oriental, announcing in breathless haste that "Massa Willy's John was come and he himself behind." The father struggled for composure to speak, which the young lady observing, dismissed Martin to entertain the new comer; at the same time charging him to permit none of the domestics (about half a score of whom she knew generally keps him company to his vigil) to speak of Mr. Wilford Dallas, whom she would herself receive. All appearance of inert grief discarded from her manner, which was so full of calmness and self command, she walked to the upper end of the room, and solicited by her touch the attention of Mr. Dallas.

"What would you have of me," he exclaimed in impatient yet flattering accents and without raising his head: "what would you have of me? Who is come, say you?—Then let him bear the whole tale of shame and sorrow that he may know how to avenge the one and share with us the other."

"No," replied his fair attendant, an indignant flush overspreading her face—" no, my dear uncle! Your pardon—but this must not be—at least not yet. The innocent must not suffer for the guilty—the living for the dead.—"Is your son, your own only son; and can you poison his whole after-life with the fatal knowledge the first ensnne of he puts his foot in his father's house after so long an absence? Will you blight at once the fair hopes of youth—the gay pride of dawning manhood by disclosure, useless under all circumstances, and horrible in the present? I don't urge her dying prayer, who exposed her crime with her own but"—

"Away with all thoughts of her," said the father, speaking through his clenched teeth in the emphatic and thrilling whisper of fierce but smothered passion; "how durst you hint at her hateful name before me! But 'tis well that you seek to exculpate her, for are you not also woman? and fit for execration as one of that serpent-sex, that first wrought woe and ruin to the whole human race—and opened the downward path to hell and eternal damnation. Go!—make your own story speak with him: I will neither affirm or deny it: but, oh! my noble, generous boy! how is the glory departed from thy father's fallen house, when he shrinks from looking his innocent son in the face! Yet stay"—he added, as the lady was turning from his sight—" who will first"—" myself," she replied, comprehending the broken query—and left the apartment.

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We left our hero standing on the sill of that gate, which had so long dwelt in his thoughts as the entrance to home. One bound across the smooth velvet verdure thereon, one and another up the heavy flight of low stone steps, placed him before the broad door, with its oaken panels strong enough to resist a sledge, and carried in curious fashion. It was but turning the bolt, which yielded to his hand, and once more he stood within the sacred walls of home! But where were the "dear, familiar faces"—the rapturous greetings he had so often loved to anticipate? He looked around the spacious and vacant saloon, faintly shown by the misty light of two candles, whose wicks, past lit, were slowly kindling into flame: all was silence and solitude supreme—and not in painful wonder, at a reception so ominous and passing strange; he advanced to a door, which opened into the well remembered passages leading to his father's apartment. Just as he gained the wing of which they made a part, a tall, fair figure, in full mourning—and habited according to the economy of the fell destroyer.

Thus confirmed in his latent forebodings, he was seized with a momentary sickness at the heart, that sunk him in an attitude of stupified bewilderment against one of the marble sediments, about which the ivy crept in tangled luxuriance; and here he leant awhile as one blasted by some horrible fate. Until long, mournful cry bursting on the silence of the night-air, startled him from his trance. His giddy senses not immediately recognising the sound, he made a hasty movement in the direction whence it issued: it was repeated—and Rover, a favourite spaniel, that he had left in the charge of his sister when departing on what he deemed his exile—came bounding to his feet with all the wild display of canine joy. He stooped to caress the faithful creature, whose sudden appearance and ready acknowledgment of him, called up a crowd of contending emotions—and then turned to pursue his way: but Rover crouching before him, looked up in his face with a wistful expression, and then started onwards on an obscure corner of the cemetery. Disregarding the monitions of the sagacious brute, Dallas walked swiftly onward to the stately mansion of his sires, now visible to his searching eyes—its heavy outline and many chimnies clearly defined on the deep blue of the autumnal sky—till feeling something pull the end of his cambist riding cloak, he turned around, and beheld the dog, who, with the hair between his teeth, endeavoured to impel him another way. Loosening the garment from his hold and sternly rebuking the animal, his kindness would have passed: but *Rover laid himself down* in the path, and alternately *whining and whimpering for forgiveness*, started up and ran a short distance, where he stood, wagging his tail, and seeming by his eager and wistful looks to implore his master's attendance. Struck with the animal's singular pertinacity, he resolved to see whether it tended, and followed his dumb but intelligent guide into the most remote quarter of the solemn enclosure, and within a few paces of a new made grave, planted with periwinkle and sweet briar, and on aged willow drooping its long gray branches over the bed. Rover stretched himself on the freshly heaped turf, broke out in doleful and vehement lamentations, which, every now and then, he suspended, and eyed his companion as if beseeching him to join in the wail.

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To Readers and Correspondents.

The gentlemen who hold their Conversations at Neal's, have forwarded to us the result of their 12th meeting. We learn that it is their intention in future to be more regular in the performance of their duties, as chroniclers of the times. Owing to a press of matter, we must crave their indulgence for this week. They shall have a place in our next.

"The Fire Fly," has been received. We shall give it a perusal in the course of a week or two.

LITERARY NOTICES.

New Music.—Messrs. Fiot, Meignen & Co. have just published—"Weep! weep! for the Maid of Sorg is dead!" written and adapted to music, by Mr. E. Ives, Jr., principal of the Philadelphia Musical Seminary. The lines were composed on the death of Miss Caroline Gourlay, an accomplished young lady of this city, and the music is appropriate to the mournful event.

Miriam Coffin.—What has become of the second edition of this excellent and deservedly popular novel? It was hurrying through the press of the Harpers nearly three months ago, but has not yet made its appearance. It cannot fail to meet with a ready sale, although a large edition has already been disposed of. It is, indeed, a work of no ordinary merit; it not only contains much curious and valuable information in relation to the island and people of Nantucket, of which, hitherto, we knew so little; but it also takes a high rank as a work of fiction. The story is one of deep and thrilling interest; and the characters are generally well conceived and finely executed. There is also, a rich fund of humour, which we will only find equalled in the pages of Fielding or Smollet. In this respect the author has been peculiarly happy. It has been almost a year since we perused the work, but we have not yet forgotten the admirable scene of Jethro Coffin and his companions, who visit Drury Lane for the first time to witness a Theatrical representation. As the nursery song goes, we almost "laughed till we cried."

Reynolds' Voyage of the Potomac.—Although this work has been published but a short time, the third edition has already gone to the press. This is the best proof of its merits. Three thousand copies have already been sold; and it would not be to us a matter of surprise, if as many more were disposed of in the lapse of a few months. It is a work which the public must have; and there is probably no individual, pretending to a knowledge of books, who would not be ashamed to acknowledge he had not read it. Mr. Reynolds, without making any effort at display, is unquestionably a fine writer; he is chaste, easy and natural; he presents everything to us in a garb of neatness and simplicity. The pictures of natural scenery which he has drawn, are done with all the ease and grace of a painter. There is no useless colouring—no unnecessary ornament. Every thing which his pencil touches, moves before us as a living panorama; and we can see the rugged mountain rising up in the distance, and the valleys teeming with fruits and flowers almost as distinctly as if they were before us. For the present, we cannot particularize any further; we have only to add that no library is complete without a copy of the work.

The Monikins—*Philadelphia—Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*—We have several times taken up this work with the determination to read it through, but found it absolutely impossible. We glanced our eye through it, however, and came to the conclusion that it was a remarkably stupid affair. We hope we may be forgiven if we err in our judgment, but we must express the belief, that if the Monikins had been written by any other person than Cooper, it would never have found its way from the book-shelves of the publishers. We say this with due deference to the public; we would not give offence for the world; but we fear that there is sometimes a disposition to relish *stupidity*, simply because it comes to us with a fashionable stamp, or the authority of a high name.

We are told that the Monikins is a work of satire; who made the discovery we do not know; but of one thing we feel assured, that the fortunate individual deserves even more credit than the author himself, to whom we are indebted for the book. We do not deny that there may be satire, and that too, of an excellent quality; but the great difficulty with us, is, to discover it. Cooper, in this production of himself, is one in which he has been far less successful, than those he has previously trodden.

He is probably unsurpassed in his pictures of nautical life, with all the fears, hopes and pleasures, dangers and calamities connected with it; or, his delineations of Indian character—the bold and rugged nature of which, he cannot easily mistake—but here he must stop; he knows nothing of the mysteries of the human heart; he has not accustomed himself to scan the motives, and dive into the thoughts of men. He describes the *external* man, as we behold him moving and breathing among us, without pretending to a knowledge of his feelings and passions. Hence it is that Mr. Cooper cannot be successful in a work such as it seems he has designed the present to be. He must return again to the wilderness; or travel back to the days of the revolution; or spring aloft among his own favourite canvass—where, indeed, he is without a rival—and then he will find that no one will murmur or complain.

We may make this an occasion to remark, that the interest of Mr. Cooper's novels depends too materially upon their plots. There is comparatively no thought, no sentiment, no reflection. He tells his story in a plain, straight-forward manner, and generally in such a way as to absorb the reader's attention. Apart from this, there are few who would not throw aside his works without a perusal. But it may be that we are hypercritical, which we do not intend.

We have said we were unable to give the Monikins a faithful perusal. This is indeed the truth. We carefully examined the bill-of-fare, however, or rather, the table of contents, and finding something about *Love*—and *leave-taking* in the last chapter, but one, of the second volume, we immediately turned to it, with the hope of being rewarded for our trouble. We found a gentle and kind-hearted girl, by the name of Anna, whom a fellow by the name of Jack asks if she is not an angel, and whom, she frankly confesses she loves for his excellent and generous heart. This is, no doubt, all well enough. A little farther on, we find the gentle and devoted Anna, putting "*her little velvet hand*" in that of Jack's—and here—as we are not particularly fond of the sentimental—we must confess we instantly closed the volume. Those who have read the last chapter, are, undoubtedly, acquainted with the sequel.

Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. *New York:* Harper & Brothers.

These volumes come to us as the familiar conversations of Coleridge, the poet. Whether this is the fact, we are not prepared to say; but we feel rather inclined to believe that the work is made up of extracts from his note-book, written, perhaps, with a view to posthumous fame. The abstruse and metaphysical character of the subjects introduced, is an evidence of this; for it would be impossible to treasure up the conversations of such a man as Coleridge, with all the minuteness of detail with which they are presented to us; especially when he himself was often at a loss to comprehend the theories and sentiments to which he gave utterance. As a proof of what we say, we might ask what is to be understood by the following detached passage, which we find in the first volume.

"You abuse snuff! perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose."

Because Mr. Coleridge was occasionally in the habit of expressing himself so as not to be understood, it was supposed as a matter of course, that he possessed extraordinary intellectual powers—that he was a very giant in learning and literature—when, in truth, there could have been no better evidence of his want of a clear and discriminating mind. Mr. Coleridge deserves all the praise which has been awarded to him as a poet, but farther than this, we are not disposed to "do him reverence." The book notwithstanding, is a good one, and should have a place in every library. We have derived instruction from its perusal, and would confidently recommend it to public attention. Among the good things which it contains, we will extract the following:—

"*Talented.*—I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable *talented* sneaking out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged, farthinged, ten-*

A new Romance.—An English paper, says Doctor Shelton Mackenzie, editor of the Liverpool Journal, is about appearing as a romancer, and is engaged on a *historical* work of *imagination*, to be called "Titian, a Venetian tale of the 16th century." This will be something new in the annals of fiction. The signing the league of Cambrai, in 1508—the conspiracy of Pope Julius II, Louis XI of France, and Maximilian I of Germany, against the Seignory of Venice—together with the battle of Agnadello, fought about this time, are to form the principal features of this "work of imagination." Among the characters are to be Cardinal d'Amboise, Count Petigliano, Bartolomeo d'Alviano, and Cornelius Agrippa. Doctor Mackenzie is an elegant and accomplished writer, but in this instance we fear he has been rather unfortunate in the selection of his subject.

Indian Sketches, taken during an expedition to the Pawnee Tribes. By John T. Irving, jr. Philadelphia—Carey Lea & Blanchard.

The author of these volumes accompanied the expedition, which was fitted out by the Government in 1833, to settle the disputes between the Delaware Indians, who had been removed from the United States beyond the verge of white population, and the Pawnees and Otoes, who, it appears, laid claim to the lands lying between the Platte and Kanzas rivers, which the Government—but with what show of justice we are not aware—allotted to the migratory tribes. It was during this expedition, that Mr. Irving gleaned the materials for the present work; and a most delightful one it is. He has given us descriptions of the Indian country—of Indian habits, manners and customs—Prairie life—the chase—and a variety of spirit stirring sketches, which cannot fail to interest almost every reader. We heartily commend these volumes to public attention. We give below a brief extract from the first volume, entitled *The Iotan and his Brother—or Indian Revenge*

"It was some years before the Iotan had reached the rank of a chief, that he was despoiled of his nose in the following manner:

Several Otoe Indians, by dint of paying fifty times their value, had become possessed of a number of kegs of whiskey. As this was rather a rarity, a council was called, and a general carousal of the male portion of the village resolved upon. The females were excluded: it being deemed necessary that they should remain sober, to exercise a conjugal care over their husbands, when so inebriated as to be unable to take care of themselves. In the meantime a person was appointed as guard, whose business it was, to keep watch over the liquor, and drive off all interlopers, who might be inclined to test its quality, before the time appointed. After three long, and to them lingering days, the time came round; and at the appointed hour not a soul was behindhand.

The signal was given; and the revel commenced. As the liquor began to work upon the passions of the revellers, they grew furious. They howled, yelled, and fought. The females fled from the building. All weapons had been removed beforehand; for they knew their own ungovernable nature, when under the influence of liquor, and therefore, had taken precautions, to prevent the occurrence of mischief.

But when the whiskey commenced its work; the savage was changed to a demon, and the lodge resounded with their screams and howling; there was a hell within its bosom.

The giant warrior fixed his gripe upon the trembling frame of the aged; brother smote brother; friends fought with bitter fury, and the weak and decrepit were trampled under foot.

It was in this stage of the riot, that the Iotan and his brother had a furious scuffle. They grappled and rolled upon the ground. In the frenzy of strife and intoxication, his brother bit off the end of his nose, and instantly extricating himself, rushed out of the lodge.

The Iotan was perfectly sobered; he paused for a moment, looking intently in the fire, without uttering a word; then drawing his blanket over his head, walked out of the building and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life; "to-night," said he, "I will go to my lodge and sleep; if I can forgive you when the sun rises, you are safe; if not, you die." He kept his word; he slept upon his purpose; but sleep brought not mercy. Vengeance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should.

His brother received the message and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in his pursuit of revenge, and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time that it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept; he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track from one thicket to another; he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for although he was untiring, his brother was watchful, and kept out of his way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action. He laid in wait for him in the forest, crouching like a tiger, in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting, but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length, one day, while seated on a dead tree, he heard the crackling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious footstep. He instantly crouched behind the log and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it, and gazed cautiously around. The Iotan recognized his brother instantly. His careworn face and emaciated form, evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan; as yet his revenge was unsated and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him; then sprang from his lurking place and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed; but met his fiery look with calmness and without flinching.

"*Ha! Ha!* brother," cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle, "I have followed you long, in vain,—now I have you—you must die."

The other made no reply; but throwing off his blanket, stepped before him, and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle and shot him through the heart.

His revenge was gratified; but from that hour a change came over him. He became gloomy and morose; shunned the society of his fellow men, and roamed the woods, where he was nearly driven to suicide by the workings of his feelings, and the phantasies of his brain. It was not until many years had elapsed, that he recovered from the deep anguish, caused by this unnatural act of vengeance."

Murder.—We learn that a ferocious attempt was made last Sunday, by a black fellow named John Fry, to murder his master, Mr. Robert J. Stewart, residing in Sixth-street opposite the Washington square; and at the time our informant left the spot, it was doubtful whether the blow of the assassin had not been but too well directed, the wounded man being in a most critical condition. Fry, who was formerly a slave of Mr. Stewart, but was enlarged about eleven years ago, and has lived with him ever since, it seems, took offence at a rebuke given for some misconduct, and Sunday afternoon, knowing Mr. Stewart to be asleep, entered his chamber, and struck him a terrific blow on the head with a heavy axe. The alarm was given, and Fry was arrested and committed.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Daring Robbery.—Last week as Mr. Clendening, of the town of Liberty, Illinois, who came to our city for the purpose of selling some produce, was walking on the Levee, near Poydras street, he was accosted by a man who called him by name, and told him that the captain of his flat had been attacked by the city guard, but had effected his retreat from them badly wounded; he said, that he was concealed in a remote part of the city, was most anxious to see him, and offered to conduct Mr. C. to the place. They had not proceeded far when he told Mr. C. that it would be necessary for him to advance and see if any of the guards were in the neighborhood; if so, he would hoist his umbrella as a signal that he should pass carelessly by. After thus leading him through a number of streets till they arrived near an old house close to the French Cemetry, he gave the signal, and requested Mr. C. to go behind the wall of the burying ground, as a place of safety. He had scarcely reached the place when two men issued from the house, advanced immediately towards him, presented two pistols, and accused him of having counterfeit money to the amount of one thousand dollars (the sum he had received for his produce.) Fortunately he had laid out most of his money, and had only about 300 dollars remaining, which they took. They threatened to shoot him if he did not go into the woods. One of the villains, pointing to the old canal, observed that they had buried 20 persons there; that he was the only one they had suffered to escape, as he was a brave man. Mr. C. returned to town and applied to the police, who, we are happy to say, rendered him every assistance in their power. The Mayor himself placed at his disposal as many of the city guard as he thought would be sufficient, and gave them directions to disguise themselves so as to enable them the better to succeed in their object. On Wednesday they arrested two of them, Anderson Murray and Benjamin Twerville, in the Faubourg Lacurse. On Friday through the assistance of Mr. Thistle and Mr. Bennett, who deserve great praise for their activity, they arrested another in the upper Faubourg, and the fourth at M'Carty's point. This ruffian made a desperate resistance, and fired two pistols at Mr. Thistle before he was secured. His name is Underwood. Three of these desperadoes are old convicts and are well known by the police.—*New Orleans Paper.*

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hopes, where the wounded feelings of the suitor evidence that unhappy person to have recourse to the law for a salve or emollient, in the shape of damages for breaches of contract, or nonfulfillment of a promise to marry, it has hitherto been most frequently the lady who has sought the sympathies of the twelve good men and true, and the false swain has been compelled to figure as the defendant instead of the plaintiff. In a recent case, however, this general rule has been reversed, and as the case is a singular one, not only in the relative position of the parties to the suit, but in its circumstances, we shall present our readers with a condensed report of the principal circumstances which distinguish it.

CIRCUIT COURT.

BEFORE JUDGE EDWARDS.

George G. Barnard vs. John J. Gaul, and Mary H. his wife.—*Damages laid at ten thousand dollars.*

The action was instituted to recover damages for a breach of marriage contract, mutually entered into between the plaintiff and one of the defendants, after a five years courtship, at the latter end of the year 1832. During the period of this intercourse between them, a vast number of letters passed from one to the other, the first of which was written in 1827, and commenced in a very modest and distant style. The correspondence increased, however, in warmth and fervour of expression with each additional *billet doux*, until at length the declaration of regard, and mutual promises of marriage were made, the violation of which formed the grounds of the present controversy.

The early letters are principally filled with domestic details, among which we find the following observations on courting and whiskers.

"Just mention to Daniel, you hear that he has offered his noble personage to one lady, and told her while she was gone in the kitchen to get some hot water to fill up the tea-pot, to make up her mind. She did: she concluded to refuse him, as he strongly mustnured, or actualy knew, that her sister had won his affections; and more than all, she did not care about a man that could not raise a decent pair of whiskers."

The three following epistles, and the last, form a singular contrast, and are a good illustration of the mutability of human affections:

Hudson, Sept. 28th, 1832.

My dear friend G. G. B.—Perhaps under existing circumstances you will be very much surprised and chagrined at the receipt of this letter, but I am in hopes before you finish perusing it you will alter your mind. Once, I know, my letters were welcomely received by you, and perused with satisfaction, and laid away with care, or you would not have tweezy-ax by you; but I do hope this may be received by you and welcomed as one from your dear friend Mary.—Feeling as I do now, I shall never forgive myself for marring your feelings in the manner I have. I do hope that if there is a particle of your affection for me remaining, you will suffer it to rekindle. I know that I have brought my unhappiness upon myself, and I indeed feel wretched, miserable, and almost friendless. What can I do to reclaim your friendship? What hasty, unpardonable steps I have taken! Could I hear you say that forgiveness was granted to your friend Mary, it would indeed be music in my ear.—Your letter was not more than out of my reach before I felt melted. I thought, why had I done so? What reasonable reasons had I? Why had I been suffered to injure the feelings of one who I knew was ready to do all in his power for my happiness and comfort? Could I have asked your forgiveness, how quick I would, for I was then, and have been ever since, all grief and sorrow, and I had to conceal it, which only increased my heart's pain. * * * Oh. George, if you still value me as your friend, and say you will receive me as the one of your choice, I shall then say I am happy, but not until then, for I never thought I loved enough to marry till now. * * * Could I hear you say that at this late hour you would receive me and allow me to return to you like a prodigal daughter, I should call myself the happiest lady living. Oh, that I could sing— * * * My dear George, I pledge myself that you shall hold the affections of my heart double told, if you will say I am forgiven. When I write again you shall have pages, and perhaps I can then say something more to your satisfaction. George, for mercy sake, do not let this lie many hours unanswered. All that I have said has been said with a full, sincere and penitent heart. * * * When you mentioned in some letter that in all probability you should reside in New Orleans, the idea seemed dreadful to me, and I do think that my mind was biassed in a great measure by my feelings; but that cloud is dissipated. I have made up my mind that the eye of providence is ever on us in all places and situations, and that should I live there, who should I want on earth more than my bosom friend and companion? Could I know that the sentiments of my letter would be like oil and water to your wounded heart, then my heart would leap for joy. Your letter by barge was received. I was glad you wrote it; but oh my feelings! they were better felt than described. My heart was full. I left the room—I read it over and over again to find one encouraging word. You said perhaps it was the last. I thought that was not saying certain so. There was one ray of hope. Oh, how it made me feel when you mentioned your fears of your letters being rid culed. No, George, never, while they are in my possession. My dear friend, blame not yourself, for making your chances. I hope you may yet rejoice. Of course, unless you receive your heart broken Mary, our correspondence will cease. * * * I may be too late. If I am, or if your affections are placed upon one whom you prefer to Mary then only say so.

Please accept this from your sincere friend and penitent,

MARY.

P. S. * * * Please to excuse me, no suspicion occur to you that father or mother were opposed to our union, but no, George, they value and esteem you much. My heart will go pit a pat until I hear from you. I pray for forgiveness. From your

MARY.

Hudson, Feb. 16, 1833.

My dear George—I must always seem to have a little kind of presentiment when I am going to have a letter from you. It was between twelve and one o'clock, we were waiting dinner, and the thought that in all probability I should have a letter from you soon had not more than flitted across my mind before the well known rap tap of the post boy came. I flew, and got my letter, and just had time to have a good read before dinner. Relished my dinner nicely George I guess if the letter carrier is a married man, that he must have courted his wife a good while, don't you? —But as to the length of time he is to bring your letters to me, you can tell better than I. But I guess my courting letters will be scarce at the end of four years. * * * It is shameful here to sit writing, and our folks are poking fun at me, and now and then make a speech, and say, "May, look out you dont write them down." * * * My dear George, when I get to thinking how very much I wanted to see you, and to cast my eye on the barrier that is between us, and it looks so indissoluble, why then I fell kinder bad; then my heart jumps softly. But I hope the time will soon come that we may enjoy the society of each other a little while. That time I shall call precious. * * * George, I never thought you one of those kind of deceitful men; I confide in your candour and uprightness. May that hideous word deceit never be found with either of us; but may our endeavours be mutual, and may I reward your labours with an endearing smile, and in me may you place confidence, and say that the comforts of the fire side repay you for your arduous labours of the day. I am sorry Sarah's for Johnny, and her too. I turn the case to myself, and say, how should I feel if my George was sick. Do write me a good long letter by the bearer of this. Good bye for this time.

From yours as ever,

MOLLY TWO SHOES.

Hudson, 23d Feb. 1833.

My dear George—Father arrived safely at home on Saturday morning before breakfast. It was not long before your anxiously looked for letter was handed to me * * * I had a real good time in reading mine, and enjoyed them much. Sarah's letter was very short for her. * * * George, she did not mention your name. After all, I do not think she really believes there is any thing serious passing between you and me. She knows that we have for many years been in the habit of corresponding. Never mind—if she is actually in the dark, let her remain there. * * * George, you do not know any thing about my scolding,—a real scold. I came very near scolding in my dream last night. I dreamed I went to New York, and you were out to work. Shortly after you came home you were told that I was there. It did not move you, and when you were ready you came into the room, and oh, how cold was the reception. It was witnessed with astonishment. I wanted you to kiss me and make us friends, but no kiss did I get.—I felt myself to be one of the most miserable of creatures. I thought, I am sorry I come. But to be candid, when I scold I do expect I shall have to laugh between whiles.—You may get tired of being my humble servant. Have you not heard these remarks made:

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she wont, she wont, and there's an end on't."

It cannot be that you think I am different from the common run of women kind, for I am not. * * * What do you think that some folks say? Why, they are wondering and say, "It is very strange Mary Powers does not have a beau;" they say, "she is growing old," and what not. A week ago last Saturday evening, a young man called here, as I thought, merely for a moment. So I seated him in the cold room. He staid and staid, until I thought I should have to say, to, pity sake go home. * * * Well, he went, and I thought I had sold him by entertaining him in the cold room; but lo and behold, last Saturday evening he came again, and staid till about ten, and then began to talk about going. After he was gone I went into mother's room. Father and mother laughed, and said that they guessed entertaining him in the cold room was the most profitable.—Before he went I began to think a good warm stove was not objectionable. * * * Do write soon, and very soon. This is indeed a long yarn

From MARY.

Hudson, 25th April, 1833.

George—Strange it may seem to you, yet no more strange than true—I do, earnestly, sincerely, and affectionately appeal to you for a total and final release from you from all my engagements to you, as it regards our being united. My reasons for asking of you this favour is, that a young man, a citizen of this place, has recently made known his attachment for me in the strongest manner. He has opened his mind in the most frank manner, and has even made known his attachment to our family. George, this is unexpected news to you, I know, but I have weighed the matter, and advised with my superiors, and I do think all the advantages that I have now presented to

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Murder.—We understand, that on Friday week last, a German, lately arrived in the country, was killed at the tavern of Cisco Winters, at the corner of New Market and Callowhill streets. The only particulars that we can learn are the following:—it is said by those persons in the bar room at the time, that the man was standing talking with some persons, when a man ran in and struck him behind the ear, and immediately rushed out of the room and escaped. The blow appears to have been struck with something harder than a man's hand. Not five minutes elapsed before the man was a corpse.

Last Saturday night about 11 o'clock, a young man was knocked down and severely stabbed by a black fellow, in the neighborhood of South and Sapspen streets.

A Journeyman Shoemaker accidentally fell from a three story window of a house in Third street, above Catharine, on the afternoon of Saturday last, and injured himself so severely that he died in the course of a few minutes.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—Despatched last week with coal,

	Tons
126 boats carrying	5,538
2338 per last report	108,791
2464	114,329
396 boats Little Schuylkill	17,509
2851	131,838

Lehigh Coal Trade.—Cleared at Mauch Chunk for Bristol, Newark, and Perth Amboy for the week, ending the 2d inst.,

127 boats, carrying	4,000 tons
last report,	40,039
Total this season	44,039

Union Canal Company.—During the week ending the 3d inst. the amount of Tolls received was $3,340,09. Former report, $80,112 34. Whole amount this season $83,452 43.

The President of the United States has appointed the Hon. Roger B. Taney Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, vice Judge Marshall, deceased.

Pleasant Intelligence.—The Rail Road from Baltimore to Washington is, we are happy to learn, all completed, but a short track which awaits the arrival of a cargo of rails from Liverpool, that has been unexpectedly delayed. The President and Directors, &c., made an experimental trip on Wednesday, with a locomotive, as far as Bladensburg, and were highly delighted. No portion of our country is so much a thoroughfare as this, and none was more in need of an expeditious and comfortable mode of conveyance.

The St. Lawrence Sea Serpent Captured.—Yesterday morning, says the Montreal Herald of Monday, the large fish which has gambolled in the current during the past week, was killed by means of a harpoon. It is said to measure fifteen feet, and its body bears the marks of numerous shots. The person who harpooned this monster is named Jean Baptist Dupeur and he intends to exhibit it to the public.

Truly Astounding!—In a paper published in this county, the editor announces that "Notices of births, marriages, and deaths, will not be received unless authenticated by the signatures of the *parties*." [Only think of cradled babes and confined tenants authenticating their *births* and *deaths* by their *signatures*!]

An appropriate Name.—Among the ladies who patronise the association to prevent omnibus drivers from dogging their horses, is a Mrs. Catherine *Wellop*.

The worthless scoundrels, the Crawcours, who recently gulled a considerable portion of the public out of their money and their teeth, are now it appears practising upon the credulity of the inhabitants of Dublin; the papers of which city are filled with transcripts of the same advertisements in which these impostors figured while in this city.

The Grand Jury has thrown out the bill against Mr. Andrew O'Loghlin and his two sons for an alleged assault upon Timothy B. Redmond, the keeper of the United States Hotel, Pearl st. It will be remembered that the latter requested the public to suspend its opinion until the case was investigated by the regular tribunal. We understand that cross bills preferred by the O'Loghlins against Redmond were also ignored.

A new *mineral spring* has been discovered at Saratoga, called the Putnam, and its properties are highly esteemed.

Col. Long, the U. S. Engineer, has left Portland on his exploration of a route for a railway to Quebec.—In less than twenty years we shall have rail-roads from Bangor to New Orleans.

When the locomotive engine was passing the Insane Hospital at Worcester, the other day, one of the inmates exclaimed, "Well, that beats the very d—l. I never saw a critter go so fast with such short legs."

A curious robbery has taken place at Exeter Hall, on the Anniversary of the London Missionary Society, when 3600 was collected in cash, besides as much more in checks. These monies were put into a bag, placed on the table behind the chairman, and while the assembly were singing the doxology, some one quietly bagged the bag!

A man by the name of James Townley has been held to bail in New York, in the sum of $5000, to take his trial for keeping a faro table, at the Theatre hotel, next to the Park theatre. An individual of that city last week deposed, before Mr. Justice Hopson, that he had lost several thousand dollars at the prisoner's table. The Journal of Commerce says—"It is not perhaps an exaggeration to say, at least one third of the young men who are sent to the State's

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A gentleman at Providence had last 4th of July four silk worms, which have in one year produced 700,000, now feeding in his *cocoonery*.

A great operator in London, made in the recent fall of Spanish Bonds, the clear sum of £500,000 sterling, or $2,400,000, and all without the actual investment of a penny!!! This is *a fact*.

The Catholics had commenced building a nunnery at Rochester, (N. Y.) and had got it partly completed, when from some cause unknown its further construction was suspended. The building is now to be converted into a dwelling.

"Caution."—Under this very appropriate head, "L. Gosling & Co." inform the public through the New York Sun, that their very celebrated blacking may be distinguished from the spurious article by its "*fragrant smell.*"

Liberty of the Press.—Fraser's Magazine for May in reviewing Hood's Tylney Hall, laughs at the fact of its being dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, who is declared to have much such a look, and to be about as wise as a full grown middle-aged Merino sheep!

Caution.—A person was convicted yesterday, says the Gazette, on appeal in Municipal Court, of *newspaper stealing* from a house door, an offence which is very annoying, and was sentenced to fine and costs, which amounted to more than seven years' subscription for the paper stolen, and if not paid in ten days, then three months in the House of Correction. This is a useful monition to many rogues.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Boston jail contains but one prisoner for debt, and he was there for a violation of a promise of *marriage*, and should have been kept there. But the young lady was too romantic to persist, and opened the doors of his cage. Can he now do more in gratitude than fly to the altar of hymen, and implore his liberator to *forge* for him connubial fetters in place of the bolts and bars which recently confined him.

Candles better than Sperm made out of Tallow.—A Mr. Lecanu has discovered that by exposing tallow to 5 or 6 times its weight of boiling ether or turpentine, it is completely dissolved, and on being then evaporated, deposits *stearine*, which is inodorous, and burns less quickly than spermaceti.

The speculation in Maine lands, at Bangor, out Munchausens every thing we ever heard of. A story is going the rounds in the newspapers, that "Two paupers who had been inmates, for several years, of the Bangor Poor-House, made their escape in the night, and though pursued and overtaken by the keeper before sunrise the next morning, they had made $18,000 each in speculating upon timber lands!"

A dreadful accident occurred at Baltimore, Fairfield county, Ohio, on Sunday evening, the 31st ult. A congregation were assembled for the purpose of worship, when a violent storm arose, which blew in the gable end of the meeting house, killed a lady, and dangerously wounded 11 other persons, besides injuring 15 or 20 others more or less.

Yankee Girls.—Fifteen girls, at one of the mills at the Albion village, Smithfield, made, on an average, last week, 25 to 26. They wove on 46 looms 10,946 yards of 46 inch sheetings, 3 yards to the pound, 56 picks to the inch.

Dividends Extra.—Savings Bank of New York, semi-annual dividend 6 per cent. on sums less than 500 dollars, exceeding that amount 5 per cent; Savings Bank at Wheeling, semi-annual, 7½ per cent; Philadelphia Savings, semi-annual 6 per cent; all for the benefit of small capitalists and saving poor, by ingenious financiers. FACTS.

Bangor.—The present population of the town of Bangor, is 7497, being an increase of 4629, 161 per cent since the year 1830.

In the city of Mexico trumbils are sent around by the police to take up those who are drunk. They are kept at night, and made to work in the streets for three days with a ring round their ancle.

The money market in England is represented to be in a very embarrassing condition, in consequence of the prospective curtailment of the issues of the Bank of England.

The Tiger which was seen in Middleboro' woods, and which was afterwards decided to be a *hyena*, has been killed and turns out to be a *peacock!*

Gold.—Gold is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

What a Name!—The following is the name of a Pond in the state of Massachusetts—Chargoggagoggagogganchoggagogg!

A machine for stiffening hat bodies has been invented at Newark, N. J., by the aid of which one man can do as much as five in the ordinary way. A great saving is also gained in the materials used in the process.

The Steamboat Ohio, on Sunday week performed the distance between Delaware city and Philadelphia, (*forty-seven miles,*) in two hours and twenty-nine minutes, or at the rate of nineteen miles per hour.

An Epicure.—A shark was lately caught at St. Augustine, which, on being opened was found to contain four large bars of *soap*, from the wreck of the Sam Patch.

Disgraceful Outrage.—The Newark Daily Advertiser says—"Three lusty boys have been committed to the jail in that town for being concerned in riots on the canal. One of them is a vagrant fellow of 18 or 20, from the city of New York, named O'Keefe. A grudge has sometime existed between a certain class of youngsters of the town, and the boys belonging to the canal boats, which has heretofore occasioned some disturbances. Last week they assailed a Pennsylvania boat, stoned the hands, broke the cabin windows and otherwise damaged the vessel, and departed only after the men had obtained fire arms. Last evening the young ruffians assembled in great numbers, determined to gratify their malice. The captain having obtained proper assistance, succeeded in arresting a number, who were taken before a magistrate. While the party were thus absent, the remainder of the mob scuttled the vessel and departed, during the past week.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at New York of the ship Pacific, Capt. Hoxie, from Havre, Paris dates to the 5th of June have been received at New York.

Indemnity Question.—The Journal of Commerce states that "the committee in the Chamber of Peers, made their report on the 4th. After some remarks by Mr. Barante, the further discussion of the subject was postponed to the 11th, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Dubouchage, who wished it put off till the 15th. We see nothing in the tone of M. Barante's remarks, which varied the aspect of the question."

The trial of the Lyons insurgents in the French Chamber of Peers was not concluded.

In the British House of Commons, June 2nd, in answer to an inquiry from Lord Londonderry, Lord Melbourne stated what assistance had thus far been rendered to Spain by England under the Quadruple Treaty. The general subject of the call for intervention does not appear to have been discussed on that occasion.

Elmondo and Urdache have been evacuated by the troops of the Queen of Spain. The garrisons had gone to Pampeluna.

France.—The Gazette de France of the 4th, remarks—the Imperial states that two of the ministers threaten to send in their resignations if the Intervention be not adopted. On the other hand, it is said that M. Humann and Molson have declared that they would quit the cabinet, if this measure was resolved upon. It is then for the purpose of gaining time that they have written to London.

The ministerial renewal of the crisis of November and April, appears to be nearly as dangerous as the intervention.

The Chamber of Peers was still engaged on the trials of the persons who signed the letter which appeared in the Tribunal. On the 2d, nine individuals were declared guilty, including Audry de Puiraveau. At the same sitting, ten others were acquitted.

Spain.—The Journal Des Debats, under the dictation of the (French) Ministers; Thiers and Guizot, says—It is believed that the Chambers will be closed on the 27th by the queen in person. For the rest, all questions are reduced to the single one of intervention, which, under the name of Co-operation, the Spanish Government claims from its allies by virtue of the treaty of the quadruple alliance. This very evening instructions have been given to the Spanish ambassador at Paris, to demand from the French Government an auxiliary corps. No body doubts that the latter government will answer this demand affirmatively.

St. Jean de Luz, May 31.—The Queen's troops have evacuated Elmondo and Uresch, and marched, towards Pampeluna. The Carlists made two attacks upon Villa Franca last night—one at midnight, and the other at 2 o'clock this morning, in both of which they were repulsed, with the loss of 500 men. Valdes and El Pastor arrived during the night, and this morning the Carlists raised the siege, and retreated from before the place.

Great Britain.—In the House of Lords on the 1st of June, Lord Londonderry rose and said, I take advantage of the prime minister being in his seat to address a few questions to him of the highest importance. The noble Lord may be aware that they relate to the affairs of Spain: but it is not now my intention to provoke a discussion on this important matter, I shall regard it as a favor on the part of the minister if he will reply to the following questions:

Has there been any thing done by his Majesty's government, since he came into power, to interfere in the affairs of Spain? Have instructions been given to our cruisers on the coast of Spain, enjoining upon them to sustain the government of the Queen? Have arms and munitions been furnished to the Christinos by England, and, in this event, who has paid for them or in what manner has payment been effected? Finally, have English vessels been chartered for this destination, and at whose expense?—Lord Melbourne replied that no such instructions as the noble Marquis had alluded to, had been given to English cruisers on the coast of Spain. As to the other questions, he was not then prepared to reply to them. If the noble Lord had advised him of his intention of putting such questions, I should have taken such steps as would have placed me in a situation to give him all the necessary explanations. As it is, I will take up the matter today, and come prepared to-morrow to lay the result before the Lords. (Hear.)

JUDGMENT.

The following is the judgment of the French Chamber of Peers, upon the offenders recently tried before that body.

"Having heard the appearers in their explanations and defence presented as well by themselves as by their counsel, and on the accusation as well as the application of the penalty,

Considering the resolution of the Chamber in date of the 2d of this month, declares that Messrs. Bechet, Jaffrenou, Trelat, Michel Gervais, Jules Bernard, Davide Thuis, Audry de Puiraveau, guilty of an offence towards the chamber, according to the terms of article 14 of the law of 17th May, 1819.

Condemns Bichat, responsible editor to *Tribune* to one month imprisonment and 10,000 francs fine; Jaffrenou, responsible editor of the *Reformateur*, to one month imprisonment and 10,000 francs fine; Trelat to three years imprisonment and 10,000 francs fine, Michel (of Bourges) to one month imprisonment and 10,000 francs fine; Raynaud to one month imprisonment and 500 francs fine; Gervais to one month imprisonment and 2000 francs fine; Jules Bernard to one month imprisonment and 2000 francs fine; Audry de Puiraveau to one month imprisonment and 200 francs fine.

In relation to Audry de Puiraveau the Chamber decrees that the present resolution shall not be executed till after the close of the session.

STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

Capt. McKinsey, of the brig Isaac Clason, arrived at New York bringing news five days later from France, reports that the *Indemnity Bill had passed.*

The news is of more than usual importance, especially as much of it as assures us of an efficient intervention by England, France and Portugal, in behalf of Spain.

It was reported at Rochelle that the armies of the Queen and Don Carlos had had a very heavy engagement.

Paris, June 12.—The question of intervention is arranged between the powers who are parties to the Quadruple Treaty, and the English journals received yesterday fully confirm what we have written on the subject. A new energy is to be given to the exactions of the Treaty. The resources which will be placed at the disposal of Gen. Valdez, will enable him probably to assume the offensive, while the active co-operation of the allies of Queen Isabel II. will give to her government a more excitenic action against the factions which oppose her authority.

Constantinople, May 13.—Tartars nine days from Aleppo, report particulars as to the state of things in Syria which have created a great sensation, especially with the Porte. Emir Beshir, the Prince of the Druses, has taken advantage of the great embarrassment occasioned to the Pacha by the ravages of the Plague. The Druses fell upon the Egyptians while destitute of succour; the army of Ibrahim was completely defeated; and it is supposed that the Druses will avail themselves of this victory to make a levy en masse in Syria. The Egyptians cannot hope for reinforcements, for Ibrahim Pacha fleeing from the plague, has retired to Upper Egypt.

...ner of the Register, Carpenter's Delator, and ...

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1835.

... ent	4 50	4 75	
	4 25	4 75	
... Daily ...			
...	100	14	
...	11¼	12	
... Ext.	12	13½	
...	11¾	12	
...	12½	13	
... Duty 3 cts per gall.	12	13	
...	9	11	
...	18	22	
... and Tea.			
... Gen.	17½	19½	
... Old Ye.	17½	20	
... Ordinary,			
... Merchantable, part sand,			
... 100 lbs	1 25	3 00	
... WAL and MEAL,			
... barrel, bbl	6 75	7 00	
...	6 50		
...	4 75	4 87½	
...	3 50	3 75	
...	4 00	12½	
... do. in bbls.		12 00	
GRAIN ...			
... Pennsylv.	1 00	98	
... Southern,	1 00	98	
... Rye, Pennsylv.	1 40	1 45	
... n. South. bush.	1 40	1 43	
... Corn, L. C. white,	90	91	
... do. L. C. yellow,	90		
... do. Southern,	86	87	
... Oats, Pennsylv.	36	38	
... Southern,	50	51	
... Barley, Eastern,			
... do. Pennsyl.	80	85	
HOPS ...			
... Lower Orl. lbs	35	16	
MOLASSES ...			
New Orleans,	32	34	

Sugar-house,	47	49
do. N. York,	49	50
do. Phila'd.	43	48
do. Boston,	46	50
Trinidad,	30	31
Porto Rico,	31	34
English French Isl.	25	28
Hav. & Matanzas,	27	30
MACKEREL ...		
No. 1,	bbl	7 50
No. 2,		7 00
No. 3,		5 25
OIL ...		
Linseed, Am. from		
cask,	1 25	1 26
do. Dutch,		1 25
Whale, gal.		43
Sperm, winter,	95	1 00
do. summer,		90
PLASTER PARIS ...		
In Delaware river,		7 00
In Schuylkill		9 50
SEEDS ...		
Clover, bush	3 50	4 37½
Timothy, do.	1 50	
Herds, bush		1 50
Flax, do.	2 00	
WHISKEY ...		
Rye, bbls	30	31
do. hhds	27	27½
do. from wagons		26
WOOL ...		
Prime, Saxony fleece		
lb.	55	65
Am. wash. full'd,	50	55
do. ..... blood,	42	47
do. ..... blood,	37	40
do. ..... and com.	33	34
Am. unwash. full bl.	25	27
do. ..... blood,	22	25
do. ..... blood,	21	
do. ..... and com.	18	
Super. pulled lambs,	50	
do. do.	42	
No. 2 do.	30	
No. 3 do.	20	
Spanish, B. F. & S.		
do. lambs,	75	1 00

Saturday, July 18, 1835.

☞ We are compelled to omit several literary notices and other articles prepared for this paper.

A few days since a young lady having occasion to walk from one extremity of the city to the other, passed through Washington Square, and being somewhat wearied, seated herself on one of the benches for a few minutes' rest. A short time afterwards two other young women seated themselves on the bench, observing, "Let us sit down here if we are not driven away." A *gentleman* of handsome appearance and *free* soon made his way to the same spot, and staring intently in the face of the first comer, commenced making some observations to her. She arose in surprise, when the *gentleman* immediately occupied her seat. On looking round she observed the eyes of a large number of persons earnestly contemplating the group and making their remarks. The chivalrous gentleman no doubt enjoyed the mortification and fairness of the young lady, and deserves an introduction to the community generally for his handsome behaviour. Such marked attentions to the fair sex, *publicly given*, should be *duly appreciated*, and obtain for him an *enviable niche in the temple of fame*.

FANCY GLASS BLOWING.

We have not lately witnessed a more interesting exhibition than that of M. Porzel's Fancy Glass Blowing and Spinning at the American Museum, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets. His skill and dexterity in the art is probably unsurpassed, and the facility with which he manufactures "beasts, birds and flowers," is truly astonishing. His beautiful creations are a source of admiration to every beholder. In one moment a tree is formed, and in the next, its branches are filled with a variety of birds. The spinning of glass, also, is a matter of great curiosity. Its great ductility, when properly heated, enables the artist to wind it upon a revolving cylinder in threads almost as fine as the spider's web. Those who have not already witnessed the novel exhibition, should avail themselves of the first opportunity.

Mr. Robertson is at present exhibiting at the same establishment, his Phantascopal Illusions, which consists of a pleasing variety of occular deceptions, such as Grotesque Figures, Classical Scenes and Illustrations, &c.

The Grand Cosmorama is also well worthy of attention. *Among the subjects*, are a view of Fair-Mount and the surrounding scenery; Mexico, Constantinople, Rome, and the celebrated city of Venice. The view of Constantinople is truly magnificent.

In the course of another week a new exhibition of the Burning of Moscow, will be opened at the Museum for the first time. It is thought that it will be even superior to that of Maelzel's.

Manual labor colleges are increasing very rapidly in this country. They are *useful institutions*, and deserve encouragement. *Marion College, Missouri*, has four thousand acres of land connected with it, upon which the students work during their hours of relaxation from mental studies. Each student also cultivates one acre in crops, from the proceeds of which he is enabled to pay both his board and tuition fees. Instruction in the mechanic arts, is also, we presume, connected with the institution.

In this state one of the best conducted colleges we know of, is Dickinson College, in the beautiful borough of Carlisle. The Professors are gentlemen of high standing, and the cost of education is unusually low. We learn that the Trustees have it in contemplation to connect a farm with the institution, to be worked by the pupils.

A petition, numerously signed, was presented to the City Councils at the last meeting, complaining that Independence Square has fewer entrances and walks, than any other of the public squares; and praying, *in order that the public may be better accommodated*, that "a good wide walk be thrown across, from George street to Library street, with wide gates at each end of said walk, to be left unfastened from day-light in the morning, till eleven o'clock at night."

It is a general subject of complaint among our citizens, that there are no seats in Independence Square, upon which persons may rest after a walk, and we would be glad to see the measure taken up by Councils. We are not aware that there are any objections against seats in this square, which may not, with equal force, be urged against the plan adopted in other squares.

The Cholera has again appeared, with considerable virulence, along the western waters. In Madison, Ia., it proved very fatal, carrying off fourteen persons in the course of a few days. In several other towns it has been equally violent.

Upper Lakes.—The Detroit Journal states, that a trip to the upper lakes, at this season of the year, has become quite fashionable. The establishment of a regular line of first-rate Steam Boats between Buffalo and Chicago, affords a fine opportunity for travellers to visit the rich scenery so beautifully described by Cass, Schoolcraft, and others.

Inhuman.—We learn with regret that three of our revolutionary soldiers were incarcerated some time ago in his attempt to go up in a balloon, made a splendid ascension on the afternoon of the 4th instant from Cincinnati. The wind at the commencement of his journey, blew directly towards the east, and at 11 o'clock the ensuing night, he was seen by some passengers in a steam boat, near Guyandotte, a distance of 150 miles from the place of starting. The next intelligence we have of the aerial wanderer, is from the National Intelligencer of Wednesday last, which says, in speaking of Mr. Clayton, "He must have met an Easterly wind on nearing the Alleganies (which he hoped to have passed over) that turned him aside from his purpose: for we yesterday received by mail, postmarked *Waverly, Ohio*, a letter of introduction to us, forwarded per balloon, from an esteemed subscriber at Cincinnati. The letter is endorsed (by Mr. Clayton) "Left Cincinnati at 6 o'clock, P. M. July 4th, 1834," and the date of the postmark is July 8.—This is the only information we have of the *Aeronaut*, having landed at all. Waverly is in Pike county, and much nearer to Cincinnati, whence he set out, than Guyandotte is."

Distressing Occurrence.—A coroner's inquest was held Wednesday afternoon, in Strawberry alley, over the dead body of a young woman, by the name of Dorothy Schopfenhausen, who committed suicide Wednesday morning by cutting her throat. She had been the victim of the insidious arts of a young man by whom she had been addressed for a few months, but who had deserted her in her utmost sorrow and need. The name of this wretch was given to the coroner's jury, but we refrain from holding it up to the infamy which it merits. The hapless damsel, despairing of reparation for the wrong she had suffered, resolved upon self-destruction. Before committing the deed, she crossed the street, and bade farewell to several friends who resided opposite, and who supposed that she was about to leave the city. The circumstances of this melancholy suicide afford an impressive commentary upon the cruelty of seduction, and the misery and dismay which follow the excess of unbridled passions.

Important.—It is gravely stated in one of the Norfolk papers, that a *large* oak tree was struck by lightning during a thunder storm which occurred in that neighbourhood not long since. This was the more unfortunate, as the ill-fated tree stood alone, and unprotected, in a pasture field, and, of course, had no idea that it was to be "walked over," as Fanny would say, "by the pale feet of the lightning" in this unceremonious way. The trunk was "considerably shattered," says the editor, "and the tree has since been felled." Peace to its ashes.

More Ballooning.—Mr. Clayton, the intrepid *Aeronaut*, who met with such a disaster some time ago in his attempt to go up in a balloon, made a splendid ascension on the afternoon of the 4th instant from Cincinnati. The wind at the commencement of his journey, blew directly towards the east, and at 11 o'clock the ensuing night, he was seen by some passengers in a steam boat, near Guyandotte, a distance of 150 miles from the place of starting. The next intelligence we have of the aerial wanderer, is from the National Intelligencer of Wednesday last, which says, in speaking of Mr. Clayton, "He must have met an Easterly wind on nearing the Alleganies (which he hoped to have passed over) that turned him aside from his purpose: for we yesterday received by mail, postmarked *Waverly, Ohio*, a letter of introduction to us, forwarded per balloon, from an esteemed subscriber at Cincinnati. The letter is endorsed (by Mr. Clayton) "Left Cincinnati at 6 o'clock, P. M. July 4th, 1834," and the date of the postmark is July 8.—This is the only information we have of the *Aeronaut*, having landed at all. Waverly is in Pike county, and much nearer to Cincinnati, whence he set out, than Guyandotte is."

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THE THOMSONIANS AGAIN.

We publish in another column the statement of Mr. Plummer, the attending physician of Miss Young, whose case was adverted to in this paper of June 27th. The space occupied, though large, is due to Mr. Plummer in making his defence against a serious charge. He declares that he has been entirely successful in many cases of disease where the patients have been given over by the regular physicians, and in others were the disease has been declared incurable. That he challenges an investigation of the average of success in the relative practice of the Regular and Thomsonian practitioners in cholera, hydrophobia, and other diseases, and can substantiate the general success of his practice by any quantity of incontestible evidence. He has shown as some statements of cases containing strong testimony in his favor, but they would occupy much room, which we cannot spare, at least this week, although we have every disposition to give him ample justice.

We observe that a defence of Mr. Armstrong has appeared in a contemporary, divested of the objectionable traits which prevented its appearance in the S. E. Post.

Mr. Stewart.—We are happy to learn that there is scarcely a doubt now entertained of this gentleman's recovery. An account of the assault committed upon him, will be found in another part of this paper.

THE RIOTS.

The disgraceful riots which occurred in this city during the present week, have—owing to the vigilence of the Mayor and City Police—partially subsided. A large crowd assembled on Tuesday night at the corner of South and Sixth streets, but nothing of a serious nature took place, with the exception of a brickbat which was thrown at the Mayor, and the firing of two or three pistols. During the evening, a rumour was circulated, (says the Philadelphia Inquirer,) that a three story brick house in St. Mary street, was garrisoned by blacks, to the number of fifty or sixty, who were armed with knives, bludgeons and pistols, and were resolved, if attacked, to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The Recorder and City Solicitor, at the head of a large body of the police, hastened to the spot, and with some persuasion, induced the blacks to make their escape through a back way, by walking off two and two, and seeking the western part of the city. Mothers with their children and, indeed, whole families, are described as retreating before the mob, and seeking a place of shelter for the night. Several of the rioters, we understand, have already been arrested, and will, no doubt, be punished as they deserve. We believe there is no apprehension on the part of the city authorities of a recurrence of these disgraceful scenes, and for the honour of the city, we sincerely hope this may prove the fact.

Mathias and his Impostures.—*The Harpers* have just published a volume under this title, from the pen of William L. Stone, Esq. detailing the progress of fanaticism, as illustrated in the extraordinary case of Robert Mathias, (calling himself Mathias, the Prophet,) and some of his forerunners and disciples. It is an interesting work, and calculated to do good, in opening the eyes of our citizens to the impositions so frequently practised upon them by designing knaves. The New York Star thus speaks of the work.

Other false prophets have beguiled the poor and ignorant and unenlightened, but Matthews selected his dupes from among the wealthy and intelligent; and strange to say, the strength of their delusion, and the depth of their subservience to his will, seems to have been in an inverse ratio to their means of resisting his gross deceptions. The more preposterous his pretensions, and the more arbitrary and tyrannical his treatment of them, the more perfect was their blind devotion. But the history of the imposter himself, wonderful as it is, in connection with the ruin that he wrought, or at least completed, is neither the whole nor the most astounding portion of the volume to which these observations refer; there is a previous history of fanaticism and folly, of which this city was the scene, for years before he made his appearance, and by which the most ample preparation was made for the subsequent melancholy farce in which he was the chief performer—or, as we should rather say perhaps, of which he was the cunning manager; and this history is the wonder of the book. In it, the overturning of Mr. Pierson's mind is exhibited from the very beginning of its aberration; and the picture, strange and lamentable indeed, is mostly furnished by himself. The author has, by some means, obtained access to the voluminous journals and papers left by that unfortunate man, and from these he has been enabled to draw a minute and extraordinary picture of *sincere religious madness*. Pierson was a monomaniac; save upon every subject not connected with his strange religious delusions, but in every thing relating to them as wild as any madman that ever bowled in Bedlam. Matthews did not pervert his understanding, but found it ready perverted to his hand, and made his harvest from it. Nor can Mr. Folger be said to have been altogether the dupe of Matthews; he was already in a great measure a convert to the wild fantasies of Pierson, when he fell into the toils of the impostor; and such was the case too with others. The seed was sown when Matthews came into the field; he did but tend the growing crop and reaped the fruit. The victims had already overleaped the bounds of reason and revelation; he then took charge of them, and led the crazy dance which carried one to a madhouse, another to the grave, and stripped a third of wealth, and peace of mind, and of the high character he had enjoyed; leaving him falling to a depth of shame and poverty and sorrow from which it will be long before he can hope to rise again. It is a most amazing history, and *in* what years will hardly be believed; even now, although the events have taken place under our own eyes, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that it is not all a dream; and the disclosures in the volume now before us, enthroning as they do a great variety of facts and circumstances that have never before come to the public knowledge, would not be credited were they not substantiated by such testimony as cannot be questioned or impeached—the declarations of the dupes themselves—contained in the posthumous manuscripts of Pierson, and the minute and copious narrative drawn up expressly for the work by Mr. Folger.

Mr. Folger's Letter.

Philadelphia, July 1st, 1835.

Sir:—In a communication to your paper of Saturday, the 27th of June, headed, "Another Death by Quackery," a person, whom, in courtesy, you style "a respectable physician of this City," has charged the proprietor of the Thomsonian Infirmary, in Southwark, by his extravagant pretensions as a practitioner, of inducing as a victim, of his experiments, a young lady of great respectability, of this City, who was afflicted with a chronic disease of the spine, which was pronounced, by eminent Surgeons of Philadelphia, as incurable, to place herself under his Medical discipline." That, "in his infirmary she was, accordingly, subjected to the ordinary course of Medicine." That, "the effect produced, was such as to compel her friends to withdraw her from any further treatment." "But, the proprietor, not wishing to lose his victim, called, and urgently desired another chance of repeating his experiments. He gave fair hopes of success." This representation had the desired effect. On Wednesday, the 24th inst., she was again subjected to the hazardous experiments of Quackery. In seven or eight hours the family received information to come and take away the lifeless body of their daughter. Another melancholy monument of the horrors of daring empiricism." Now, sir, to say the least of this serious commentation, it is an attempt to Bleed, Blister, and Calomelize clairvoyance, with a vengeance. No doubt the "respectable Physician" intimates himself in the lie has not only succeeded in sending out, but, in slaying "his victim"—But, as we Thomsonians say, if there is enough of the vital principle left, as a foundation to build upon, there is hope of the patient. The subject of this deadly attack is calm, has no wiry laboured quickness of pulsation of the mind, indicative of any conscious wrong, on his part, to this matter; therefore, no doubt, a judicious application of proper remedies, will remove all the obstructions caused by the poisonous administration of this "respectable Physician." But, apart from figure, the accused is happy that the facts of the case will prove those all guiltless utterly false and slanderous. When they were put to your press, by which they have taken the wings of the wind, and with the velocity of steam have been spread throughout the land, neither the obscure and irresponsible author of them, nor any other person, had enquired one word as to the facts of the case, either of the proprietor of the Infirmary, or of his family, students, or boarders; who, alone, could have given them. Could he then have been in his sober senses when he penned them? If so, what regard could he have had, either for the feelings of the relatives, or that the public should be correctly informed? When Poindexter was basely calumniated, he could appeal to an honourable, virtuous Senate for an investigation. But, sir, my only appeal must be to a candid public,—and that should be through *your columns*, in which those grave charges first appeared. I trust, therefore, you will, in justice to the very respectable relatives, to myself, and an abused public, give place to the following facts. So far from being obtrusive to extend my practice, I have not even issued a card, circulated a hand-bill, nor published one certificate of cures, that have been effected.—When I sold the Market street Infirmary, I designed to give up my practice to a short time; but many friends interested me to keep my house open for the accommodation of themselves, and their friends, at least—and our house was soon filled with Patients that were given up as hopeless, both by their friends and the Faculty, with all of whom we have been successful, either to render them more comfortable, or in effecting a cure, with the single exception of the subject of this communication. Neither have we heard a single murmur of dissatisfaction from our patients, nor their friends, until this, *the only death of a patient* in this Infirmary.

The first time I ever saw this young lady, she was brought to our house by her mother, in the latter part of March, on a visit. I waited on them into the house, and my marriage being in waiting for myself and a gentleman patient to ride out, we left immediately without one word of conversation with them. During their stay, a young lady patient that had long been ill, and pronounced as incurable by several of the most noted physicians of the city, gave them a narrative of her cure, by our simple remedies. The mother and daughter both expressed a desire before they left, that our system should be tried on her case, as I was informed on my return; on the first day of April the mother brought her daughter and trunk and left her as a patient, when I was from home. On examining the young lady, I found that she had the "St. Vitus Dance"—that she had been sick seven years,—that several of the most noted physicians of the city had attended her, without any benefit, and pronounced her incurable. Her nerves were unhinged so that she had no command of the muscles of her face, and with great difficulty stammered out her words, with almost a constant discharge of saliva; her feet and hands cold and livid, dragged her toes in attempting to walk; sometimes fell down, and would often, but for catching hold of things, had great pain in her feet, ankles and head. The muscles and bowels of her throat were so much impaired that it was with difficulty she could swallow. Her mother called soon, and often, to whom I always said that her case was doubtful, but that as far as she could take the medicine (for she was the most difficult patient we ever had) she should have a fair trial of our system. She was four weeks at the Infirmary, and went through eight courses of medicine. She was taken home by her mother, in the absence of myself and wife a week to New York. The week after we returned, we called to see her and her parents. We all thought that in some respects she was better. Her face, hands and feet, had become natural, feet and hands warm, the pain had left her feet and ankles, and much abated in her head. In conversation, she expressed a desire to return with us then; but I requested that they should first have the consolation of Dr. A. G. Logan, a gentleman of extensive medical knowledge and experience, who was always ready to consult with me in doubtful cases; that I should wish them to be guided by his judgement, as to our proceeding any further.

They wished to know whether I thought she could be made comfortable, they never expected her to be cured. I told them that as her limbs, speech and throat, were impaired in their action, so it was as to the action of her stomach. That it was with great difficulty she could take her medicine; and that there was the least action in her stomach in its operation, that I had ever seen in any patient; that if the action of the system could not be increased by our stimulants, so that the courses of medicine might be more active in their operation, we could not succeed; that *the only similar case* I had ever treated, was the following, with which I was successful.

CERTIFICATE.

In the summer of 1835, my son of 11 years of age, was afflicted with the "St. Vitus Dance," several months, and was so bad, that in attempting to walk, he would stagger and fall. He lolled his tongue, and there was a constant discharge of saliva; and from a smart boy, he became more than half an idiot. The doctors pronounced him incurable. I gave him the Thomsonian Medicines by Dr. Plummer's prescriptions for several weeks without any visible benefit; but Dr. Plummer directed me to give him double portions, or to repeat the courses twice as often; which I did; and to the surprise of all who knew him, he began to mend fast, and soon a perfect cure was effected. It was great joy to me, for I had often thought I would rather see my boy die, than he should be a helpless idiot. I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Plummer.

Signed FANNY BRADLY,
Back of No. 22 Germao street.
Philadelphia, July 1st, 1835.

Philadelphia City, July 1st, 1835.

I saw the youth mentioned above a few weeks after he began to complain, and advised his mother to apply for medical advice, who took him to an eminent physician in this city, who pronounced the case a very bad one, and its cure very doubtful. I myself was not surprised at this, for I looked upon it in the same light. To my utter astonishment, however, he got well in a few weeks under the Thomsonian practice.

J. R.—M. D.

There I left them to consult with Dr. Logan. After they had consulted with him, she sat, on the 23d of May, brought back to the Infirmary by her parents, who expressed a desire that she should give the system a fair trial. (Do all these facts look like my "seeking her again for a victim by extravagant pretensions"? O! Shame! where is thy blush? !!!) On the 30th of May she took a course, and was much better, both in her speech and walk. The pain in her head subsided, and she eat her food with a fine relish, and a number of times, on different days ran and jumped the rope five times without missing.—She often said that no other medicine ever did her any good, that if she had taken this, at an early stage of her disease, she had no doubt it would have effected a cure. On the 10th of June she took a partial course. The next morning she was comfortable, and rode with me to her home, where I left her to ride out with her mother. On the evening of the 13th her mother brought her back, and remarked that she would give them no peace until they would return with her. They both said that all her friends could see a change in her for the better. On the 23d, we gave her another partial course by her own request, I waited on her myself. Not by "express condition in order to avoid any risk of her life!"

No such condition was ever named. Nor do I believe such a thought as her life being in risk from our treatment ever entered the mind of one of us. Nor are there any in the establishment but would freely take what they administer to others. Yea more, would give what she took to an infant child without the least fear as to any death or bad effects; for we know the medicine to be in unison with nature, and harmless. I waited on her to satisfy myself whether the increased action of the system, was sufficient to produce a more active operation of the medicine on the bowels and on the stomach. She took her medicine with greater ease, and it operated with greater freedom than ever before. On the morning of the 24th she was as well as usual, eat her breakfast with a good relish, and was in good spirits when I left home between 10 and 11 o'clock. She took her lessons and used the rope shortly. I arrived home about 6 o'clock in the evening, and found her in severe agonies, and inquired of those with her, how long she had been so them, and was informed that a few spasms, she would soon die, and instantly sent a messenger to inform her friends that she was very ill, and to die, and requested their immediate attendance.

We gave our medicine for relieving cramps and spasms, and applied friction with every outward application in our power. But soon as one spasm was broken, she would relapse into another, until about seven o'clock; when these violent contractions ceased, and she lay calm a few minutes, and breathed her last without a struggle. We do with painful sympathy regret that she was absent from her family. But all was done for her within our power, with deep attention;—for, although her affliction was great, she manifested at all times an amiable disposition, and a highly cultivated mind, richly imbued with an excellent spirit, which led her to hope for a better state, of which she often spoke with deep interest.

Thus, sir, wishing to dispose to my mind of all bias, I have given you a true dispassionate statement of the facts of this exaggerated case, as records and respectable witnesses will testify. Now, sir, I appeal to you, to your candour—I appeal to a candid public, that should be governed by facts, and not by excited feelings—do these facts warrant the very disrespectful and condemning allegations of your "respectable physician?" They allege this to be "one other death by Quackery." Whereas, all that were present know that she died with fits. Are all deaths by fits "deaths by Quackery?" Then, if Thomsonians open their doors, and receive into the bosom of their families the sick of all manner of diseases, even those that are twice dead—dead with disease, and dead with poisonous medicine—and cure them, they are to have no credit, for they are out of the way of their business. But, should they die after that, (it matters not how,) it is announced in the papers, "another death by quackery." And the mighty press receives the report with any slanderous feature that an M. D. may be disposed to attach to it, and trumpet it throughout the world. Now, had the dead when a patient of those physicians who pronounced her incurable with the disease of the spine, to my nothing of their cruel experiments, would it have been "another death by quackery?" Or is there no quackery among the faculty? If so, why do they charge each other with killing their patients? Again They allege, that, by extravagant pretensions, I induced her to become my patient! The fact is, she was brought and left as a patient at my house when I was from home, and prior to any consultation with me, either by herself or her friends. They allege that she was only at the Infirmary the first time to take one course. The fact is, she was at the Infirmary four weeks, and took eight courses. They allege that she was at the Infirmary only seven or eight hours the second time, and that she died in the operation of the first course. The fact is, it was about four weeks, and she had taken three courses, and was much better, and even cured of the "insensible disease of the spine," and repeatedly said that her back was well. She did not die in the operation of the medicine; but on the evening of the day after, of spasms. If it was a death by quackery, why did she live through and become much better for those eleven courses? They allege that we repeated experiments on her. The fact is, we never tried an experiment on her, nor on any other patient. They allege we are empirics. The fact is, we are not experimenters. We have a system founded on natural and unalterable principles, and written rules of practice. And this our system of the healing art we know. The loudly talk of experiments! Sir, I shall omit, for the present, a chapter of Cholera experiments by the faculty, and only refer the public to the narrative of a young lady, that shall appear in your paper as soon as you will give it place, that was cured in our infirmary, whose case induced the deceased to become our patient. They allege, our daring hazardous exploits of quackery! The fact is, we are not quacks or mere boasting pretenders. We have done more in the healing art than we ever pretended to do. We have dared to hazard the exploit of making those comfortable that the faculty said could not live, and have succeeded in curing them. Ask our walking certificates of cured "incurables," if we pretended that we would do more for them than we have done. We profess to be Thomsonians; and as to our system, it only wants investigation to be approved; and as to the success of our practice, thus far, we fear not a comparison with the most renowned of the faculty.

Very respectfully,
FREDERICK PLUMMER.

THE CASE OF MR. STEWART.

It seems that Mr. Stewart, whilst residing at Trinidad in Cuba, as American Consul, purchased about 11 years ago, for the sum of six hundred dollars, an African boy, about 15 years of age, named Juan. On leaving the Island about four years ago, he gave him his freedom, by a regular instrument of emancipation, and offered him his choice to remain in Trinidad, or to accompany him to Philadelphia. When, for that is the pronunciation of his name in Spanish, by which he has always been called, chose the latter course, and has resided with Mr. Stewart, or with one of his daughters, ever since as a hired servant, having the entire confidence of that gentleman, and being to all appearances faithfully attached to him. The African nation to which Whan belonged was the Ebos, and in Cuba to be prone to suicide, and recreagenal, a fact which Mr. Stewart had often mentioned to his friends.

Symptoms of a gloomy and sullen deposition had occasionally appeared in the conduct of Whan, and had given at times apprehensions to the family, that some day he might make away with himself.

On Friday last he said to Mr. Stewart, that he was not satisfied here, that the negroes as he called them, made fun of him, calling him a Guinea negro, and he did not know any reason for it, except that he was not as well dressed as they. Mr. Stewart replied, that if he was not as well dressed as others, it was his own fault; for that he had a very large stock of clothes, but if there was any thing else he needed, he would let him have it.—Towards evening a tailor's boy entered with a parcel of clothes, and a bill against Mr. Stewart for thirty-five dollars, stating that a black man had bought them, and had said that Mr. Stewart would pay for them.—Mrs. Stewart, who was present, made some remarks upon the impropriety of this conduct, and told her husband, that as Whan had a hundred dollars in money, and several trunks full of clothes, it was right that he should pay for his own clothes. Mr. Stewart, however, not wishing to disappoint his domestic, told the tailor's boy that he would pay for a part of the clothes, which were accordingly selected from the parcel, and thus ended the discussion which took place in the hearing of Whan.

On Saturday Mrs. Stewart went to Brandywine on a visit to some friends, leaving her husband at home with a son, a lad about fifteen years of age, three female members of the family, and four servants. Mr. Stewart dined on Sunday with his son-in-law Mr. Newman, and soon after dinner returned to his own house for the purpose of taking a nap.

On retiring to his room he locked the door, which was quite an unusual thing for him to do, and fell asleep, and his sister soon after having occasion to enter the room for a bonnet, knocked at the door, and upon his opening it, asked him why he had locked the door? He replied, that he had done it that he might not be disturbed. After she was gone he laid down again on the bed, but without locking the door, and fell asleep the second time.

A short time after the sister went out of the house, and had proceeded but a little distance, when the two other ladies of the family, who were in the third story, were alarmed by a scream from Mr. Stewart, and by the noise of his falling out of bed. They ran down immediately, and saw Whan descending the lower flight of stairs with an axe in his hand, and on entering Mr. Stewart's chamber found him lying on the floor weltering in his blood, with his head mutilated in a most shocking manner, having received two severe blows with the butt end of the axe, one on his forehead, and the other on the left side of his face, besides having the fingers on one hand smashed in consequence as is supposed, of his having put his hand to his head on receiving the first blow.

Whan, on reaching the entry, went to the front door where Mr. Stewart's son was sitting, holding the axe still in his hand, and said to him "I have killed your father." The affrighted lad immediately ran over to Mr. Newman, whose house was not very distant, and Whan went into the kitchen below, where he told the cook he had killed Mr. Stewart. She not believing so improbable a story, or, dreading the consequences of an alarm, as he still had the axe in his hand, made no outcry, and Whan went up stairs again with the axe. On the stairs he met the coachman who had been up in the garret, and had been brought down by the groans of Mr. Stewart and the alarm given by the ladies. He took the axe from the hand of the assassin, who walked down stairs and deliberately took his seat at the front door.

Very soon after Mr. Newman arrived, and seeing Whan seated at the door, very naturally concluded that the account had been exaggerated, and on coming up, addressed him with the question, "Why Whan, what have you been doing?" The culprit replied, "If mass make me, I strike him!" When Mr. Newman hastily entered the house, big on reaching the foot of the stairs, it occurred to him, that Whan might attempt to escape, and he immediately came back to the door to secure to him upon seeing which the African ran off, but was overtaken in a few minutes in Spruce street, above Sixth, and conveyed to prison.—*Phila. Gaz.*

RIOTS.

On Monday evening our city was visited with a repetition of the scenes of last summer. At an early hour, a mob, consisting principally of half grown boys, apprentices, and the vilest portion of our population, assembled in the neighbourhood of Sixth and Seventh and Lombard and South streets. The presence of the city authorities, watchmen and police officers, prevented any manifestation of violence till after nine o'clock, when having increased to upwards of a thousand, they proceeded down Sixth to Small street, and after attacking four or five houses there, proceeded along Small street to Seventh, and thence to what is called Red Row, consisting of eight or nine frame houses, in Exeter street below Catharine, inhabited by colored persons. All were one at the corner, occupied partly by whites, were attacked and broken open, and search was made for the occupants, several of whom were found, and treated with the greatest barbarity; and in some instances most brutally beaten and mangled. Every colored person met in their route, and discovered in the houses attacked, was beaten and otherwise maltreated, with the exception of the aged and females, who were permitted to go without injury. In the course of the attack on Red Row, one of the houses was set on fire. The firemen with several of the firemen were driven from the engines by the missiles of the mob, but in spite of the resistance offered, they succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

While these scenes were passing in Exeter street, a portion of the mob proceeded to the corner of Ninth and Christian streets, were they attacked a house, which was greatly injured, and the furniture destroyed. From this house a sum of money was stolen; the family only having time to think of their personal safety. From this dwelling they proceeded along Ninth to Carpenter street, wreaking their fury on every house inhabited by blacks. They first attacked a brick house in Carpenter street, which was defended by the inhabitants. In the course of the contest several shots were fired from the house, and two men were wounded—one very seriously, who was carried to the hospital. They succeeded at length in forcing their way into this house with great difficulty; but the inhabitants fortunately escaped.

The mob then proceeded to Fitzwater street and Passyunk Road, destroying the windows and breaking in the doors of about a dozen frame houses; but little other damage was done. These they returned to Shippen street, between Sixth and Seventh, and attacked several houses in a court running from Shippen street. In one of these, resistance was offered by the occupant, and one of the mob was wounded by him with an axe. This was revenged by his associates in a dreadful manner. The man was cruelly beaten, and but for the the interference of Constable Hoffner would have been killed.

After attacking a house on the north side of Shippen street, the rioters revisited the scene of their first outrage in Small street. There every house occupied by blacks was broken open, and the inhabitants, when they could be found, were often barbarously injured.

These are the principal details of this most disgraceful transaction. Last night, thanks to the precautions of the Mayor and Police, there was no further disturbance, and we may trust that although the fiendish appetite of the lawless gang by whom these atrocities have been perpetrated, may not be fully satisfied, they are sufficiently convinced their own safety is concerned in their quiescence to refrain from any renewal of outrage.—*Nat. Gaz.*

POLICE—Mayor's Office—Wednesday.

Riots.—Four of the rioters which were taken by the police on Tuesday night, were this morning brought up for a hearing. Owen Barker was ordered to find surety in $500, to answer the charge of riot at the next Mayor's Court. Cornelius Sweeney, $1000, do. do. Edwd. Duffy, $500, do. do.; and Richard Linton, $1000, to answer the charge of creating a riot in the streets, and having in his possession a loaded pistol.

The Harrisburg bank has declared a surplus dividend of thirty per cent.

Matthews the Impostor.—So great an interest has been taken by the public in the character and conduct of this arch-deceiver, and in the history of his dupes, that the first edition (3000) of a volume detailing his impostures at large, which was published on Wednesday last, was so rapidly exhausted that a second was put to press on Saturday morning.

SUBSCRIPTS BY MAIL.

July 10, received from
Jefferson Craig, $5 00
Wm. S. McCeny, 2 00
A. Schofield, Esq. 3 00
J. D. Murrill, Esq. 20 00
N. Williams, Esq. 5 00
B. Moody, Esq. 1 25
C. R. Vickery, Esq. 2 00
S. A. Cunningham, Esq 1 00
Thomas Eaton, Esq. 4 00
Wm. L. Bell, Esq. 10 00
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F. Butterfield, Esq. 2 00
Philip Eich, 5 00
Alexis Maltby, 5 00
July 13.
C. Ives, Esq. 2 00
Platt Adams, Esq. 5 00
Geo. Gooding, Esq. 2 00
C. E. Shephard, Esq. 2 00
W. J. Chapin, Esq. 3 00
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Benj. Jewett, 3rd. Esq 2 00
Roan Clark, Esq. 4 00
Aaron Pollard, 20 00
Jo. C. Brand, 3 00
J. E. Lipscomb, $1 50 silver, postage, $1, nett 50
G. B. Richards, 5 00
Smith & Harrington, 2 00
July 14.
Elisha Field, 100 00
William Hitz, 5 00
Russell B. Hyde, 2 00
Wm. H. Lyman, 2 00
Qu. Ferguson, Esq. 5 00
Wm. Root, Esq. 2 00
July 15.
E. B. Tuttle, 5 00
E. Harding, Jr. 5 00
Daniel Edwards, 5 00
Jno. Marshall, Esq. 10 00
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H. J. Bette, Esq. 9 00
Geor W. Davis, Esq. 5 00
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Jas. W. Frazier, Esq. 2 00
Joshua Russell, Esq. 2 00
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July 16.
J. M. Campbell, 10 00
N. B. Knapp, 10 00
Wm. Montgomery, 10 00
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D. G. Worth, Esq. 10 00
C. Karch, Esq. 10 00
S. V. Miller, Esq. 2 00

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the National Gazette.

It was the advice of a prudent old lady to her son when he was about setting forth on his travels, to take care of the Inquisition at Madrid, of the Mob in London, and of ridicule in Paris; but she might have cautioned him against encountering the last mentioned evil in the English as well as the French metropolis. Quizzing and caricaturing are carried on now to quite as great an extent in the former as in the latter, and by a much more "knock down" mode. French ridicule always seeks for a point, English for a hit. Young O'Connell is just at present performing th agreeable character of the Conservative wags, and we should think he would much prefer being exposed to such misserable bullets as Lord Alvanley's, which would seem to disdain to come into contact with the body of a commoner, to being fired at by such paper pellets as the following shot from the Court Journal.

AN IRISH MELODY.

Picked up on Monday night last, near Regent's Park.

AIR—"WE MET."

We met—'twas nearly dark,
And the loneliest of places:
My friend and his friend
Set us up at twelve paces.
We spoke—his words were few—
But he swore he'd not humble—
Ah me! how queer I felt!
I thought I should tumble!

I wore my new white hat—
And I rivalled its whiteness!
And my old green silk cravat!
How I choked with its tightness!
I fired before my time,
Accidentally—rather—
Oh! then has been the cause
Of this meeting, my father!

And once again I fired,
Taking aim at his gullet:
And again my ball turned out
A right-down Irish *Bull* at.
I loaded yet once more;
For I thought I would frighten
My man: for I was wrong—
He's the devil for fightin'.

At last they "walked him off,"
And at Brooke's he'll tell it—
How, before the word was given,
I let fly my lead pellet.
The *Times* may call me coward,
But henceforth I had rather
Not fight—I'll have a vow
Up in Heaven, like my father! M. O'C.

"Well Pat,' said a bold son of the Emerald Isle, to an old friend who had just arrived in this land of liberty, do you know that I'm married? No, said Pat. By saint Patrick, but I am, and a beautiful little offspring have I—but by the powers you can't guess what it is. I can at two guesses, said Pat. Well try. It's a son. No. Its a daughter. No. by St. Patrick, I give it up. Why, you spalpeen, It's a *Nog s.—Lexington Observer.*

"Sam," said a gentleman who wished to inquire the state of his neighbor's health, "go across the street and ask how old Mr. and Mrs. Smith are."—The servant having done as required, returned with the following answer:

"Mr. Smith's compliments, and he says he is about 70 and Mrs. Smith about 65."

A cobler in Dublin, lately refused his wife the comfort of a dish of tea. The woman vented her complaints to a neighboring lady who promised to allow her a trifle for that enjoyment. The woman exulting told her husband, that she had found a friend who would provide her with tea. "Very well," said the man, "then I will keep you in *hot water.*"

ANECDOTE OF A SPEAKER.—The following anecdote relates to a singular custom of Mr. Cornwall who was Speaker of the English House of Commons about half a century ago. That gentleman during the sitting of the House, had always a pot of porter under his chair, to which he had recourse whenever he was thirsty. A whimsical caricature connected with the subject, was brought out at the time, entitled "The Speaker's Pot." The froth of the Porter represented the Speaker's wig, the handle his nose, and the remaining part his other features. Mr. Cornwall laughed at the caricature, but did not forego the practice.

"How is it," said one little Miss to another "that John's never sheard and I am?" "Because he's got a Roman nove and feels safe; don't you remember how we read that it has always been said that a *Roman knows*—no danger?"

A SMALL MISTAKE.—In the town of E—— there formerly lived an old miller, who was remarkably forgetful, usually taking one toll out of the hopper, and another from the trough, after it had come through the mill. He argued that it was better to be "twice right than once wrong." If according to his doctrine, it was right to take toll, so it was wrong for him to grind without that requisite, and if it was right to take toll once, so it was perfectly right that he should take it twice. This did not satisfy the old man, however, and he increased his demands to such an extent, that people began to complain, but as there was no other mill in the neighborhood, they had to grin and bear it. One day a dry old fellow sent a bag of wheat to be ground, which was of so excellent a quality, that the miller thought he must increase his toll.—This he did so unconsciously, that the bag went home minus one half of the grist. Next morning the owner met him, and accosting him with a lengthened phiz, "Do you know what a plaguey *mistake* you made with my wheat yesterday?" "No I don't, what was it?" "Why, nothing of any consequence, only you happened to send home the *toll* instead of the *grist.*"

MONEY-MAKING IN AMERICA.—If there is one people in the universe who sacrifice more time to the amassing of money than the rest, it is the American nation. They rise early, and toil hard; they give up no time to the social enjoyment of life; they take their meals at the ringing of a bell, and hurry through it more like beasts feeding, than Christians dining.—There is no interchange of friendly sentiment, or humorous joke; all is planning, speculating, or calculating. When they get a glass, and, notwithstanding the temperance societies, they some times do, their boasting, one of their greatest national peculiarities, begins to show itself. A good story is told of a major and another. A Yankee says to a major, 'can you shoot a rifle, major?' 'Pretty considerable,' says he. 'I can hit a chip in the air,' says the Yankee, 'five times out of six shots.' The major replies, 'Well, I can beat that, I guess, for I can hit one seven times in four shots.' 'Well,' says the other, 'that's enough; we wont waste powder, and I knock under.' The Yankees who live in the country in America have none of the boorish awkwardness which is a distinguishing feature of the country people in Scotland. On the contrary, they are sharp and intelligent, and quite alive to their own interest. 'Friend, mind thyself,' is the commandment of all others, they most scrupulously attend to. If you get into conversation with any of them in the course of travelling, two to one but he will be for selling you his watch, his gun, or some of his property. A simple man has no chance with them.—*Journal of an Excursion in the United States and Canada.*

Dublin Police Intelligence.—Love & Jealousy.—Head Office—Mrs. Mary Kirwan was last week summoned by Anastatia Kelly, charged with having malavogued and battered the complainant's visage, besides demolishing a dresser of chany tay tacklin' and other fragile utensils.

Mrs. Kelly being directed to tell her story, dropping a graceful courtsey, began:—"Plase your worship, this woman here lives on the same hall as myself in Townsend street. I'm a lone widdy, your worship, that hasn't ere a man to look after my little concerns: and it's a poor thing, your worship, to be left desolate in the world—(weeping.) So Mrs. Kirwan's husband, who's a decent shoemaker, used to come in my room of an odd time to do little jobs for me—only in the way of civilitude, your worship."

Mrs. Kirwan—"Oh! you deludin' schrap—you crocodile!"

Magistrate—"Be silent Mrs. Kirwan."

Mrs. Kelly—"It was on Thursday morning last, of all the days in the year; I was sitting, your worship all alone, taking my comfortable cup of tay, when Misther Kirwan comes into the room, an' says he, I'm come to mend your bellis, Mrs. Kelly; and, by the same token, there was a big hole in the side of it. Thankee kindly, says I; sit down and take a cup o' tay. Well, the worse were hardly out of my mouth, when we heard Mrs. Kirwan ballyraggin' and swearin' on the lobby. I'm a dead man if Mary catches me here, says Mr. Kirwan; and with that he jumped up and tried to squeeze himself through a little windy out into the yard; but somehow he stuck in the way, and Mrs. Kirwan came raging like a bull into the room, and seeing her man sticking in the windy, she whipt up the bellis, and began flaking him on the sate till she was tired; and then nothing would serve her, your worship, but to break all my bits of tea-tackle, and to leave me in the condition, besides calling me nasty names, I wouldn't go for to mention."

Magistrate—"Well, Mrs. Kirwan, what have you my to this complaint?"

Mrs. Kirwan (to Mrs. Kelly)—"Any Kelly, Any Kelly, you're an eternal faggot, to go for to inveigle away my lawful property."

Magistrate—"If you can give no other cause for your outrageous conduct than a suspicion of your husband's infidelity, I must see this woman satisfied for the damage she has sustained."

Mr. Kirwan—"Damage! I'll damage her."

The affair was afterwards compromised, and the parties left the office.

When a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks of him is, "Can you pay the charges?" that is to say in English, can you keep a wife if you get her? What a world of misery would be prevented if the young women in all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question! "Marriage is not made of mushrooms, but of good round cakes," is one of the pithy sayings by which our ancestors conveyed the same great rule of prudence.

O'Connell's Interview with his Majesty.

Whether I am at the head or at the tail of the new Ministry, is past the wit of man to tell at this present moment; but I saw Mr. O'Connell, with my own two looking eyes, walking out of the King's Palace on Sunday morning about an hour or so after first mass. They say he is a cousin-jarman to the house-keeper, nee Mrs. Sullivan, and may be he might have dropped in there to breakfast; but my private belief is, that he surprised Queen Adelaide's taypot, and hob-nobbed with her Majesty in a bowl of congo. Some gentlemen at the West End go so far as to tell every word that passed at the tay-table that morning, and how Dan eat two eggs, notwithstanding the black-list, and washed the same down with a slice of bacon, just to show that he's none of your exact-sort of people, nor has no bigotry agin the Protestants.

When he came into the room, the Queen, not expecting company that morning, was airing over the fire reading the Weekly Register, in her dishabille, and her hair all in papers. The King, he smid, was eating bread, and butter.

"Morrow, Dan," says the King, "you're the very boy I was wishing to be after seeing. Did you breakfast?"

"Only sweet tea this morning, please your Royalty," says Dan; "but I seen some tosses meed there; and if its agreeable, I'll demolish her Majesty for a bowle o' tay."

Wid that the Queen tucks at him over her shoulther, as much as to say—"Go home to your own mistresses, ye scalpeen;" but the King gev her a nod, and she turned about without saying another word, to do the honors of the table.

"Wont you sit near de fire, Mr. O'Connell," says she, "dis raw morning?"

"I'm uncommonly hot, please your Holiness," says Dan, wipin' the drop from off his forehead wid the corner of the table cloth, "for I was led all the way from Moorfields this morning, and I was afraid to take my own time, for fear I mightn't overtake yours."

The conversation went on all the time of breakfast about the wind and crops, and the price of praties, and the like, until, at last, the King told her Majesty 'twas time for to be thinking of putting on her things to go to prayers. She took the hint to be sure, and herself and Lady Myo, with Lord Howe, and another young woman that was in it, took their departure out of the parlour, laiving Dan and the King to settle the affairs of the nashun.

"Now, Dan," says the King, "what is it you want me to do? What'll satisfy you?"

"Augh! by St. Patrick!" says Dan, "but its a trifle that would satisfy me at any time," says he, "since I never was hard to please yet, when things were going my own way; and all I ask now is justice for auld Ireland—

"The first flower of the earth, and first jim of the say,"

"Upon my honour," says the King, "it's not my fault but she had justice long ago; and there's my hand and word to you, but auld Ireland and yourself shall have justice the very first moment that it happens to be convenient. But what do you require for the present?"

"I'm aisily plaised. The only thing I ask at present is three things. First—the Church in Ireland must go."

"I'm sorry for it," said his Majesty.

"The Corporation must go after it."

"What's the use of keeping them," says the King, "when that is lost which they were made to guard?"

"And we must have a reform in the franchise."

"Why, tear and-agers, Dan," says the King in a rage, "haven't you reform enough already? Haven't you odd of sixty Members to your own share?"

"Don't vex yourself, Majesty," says Dan, "I have as good as sixty-five at sell; but I want the other forty."

"Well," says the King," we must only think of it. But in the mean time I must go to Church. Are you coming my way?"

"No"—says Dan, as stout as a lion, though the bacon was rising in his stomach at the moment—"but I expect that your Majesty will soon be coming mine;" —and with that he took his chapeau under his arm, vowed he was the lyalest subject in his Majesty's dominions, and went bowing and scraping and winking and sphinking out of the room.

All this is for rarin.—(*Fagan's Journal*) *Dublin Evening Post.*

Reply to "Meet me by Moonlight Alone."

BY MISS PARDOE.

Meet you by moonlight? Oh, no!
I really can't do such a thing—
For scandal, you very well know,
Is ever too swift on the wing.
I'm exceedingly subject to cold,
And I cannot be looking my best,
If to you while my heart I unfold,
I should chance on a pain in my chest!

Daylight will fully avail,
For all that you *now* have to tell;
And so you can whisper the tale
After luncheon, it strikes me, as well,
Oh! be sure not to ask me again,
For though dearly your flatters I prize,
I am really obliged to refrain—
They say it is so bad for the eyes!

CONSOLATION.—While Gen. Green of Rhode Island was independent of all parties, he had a capital knack of soothing the disappointment of beaten candidates, and on such occasions used to tell a favorite story, in a style of inimitable humor, which reconciled every body to the loss of office. We can give nothing of its spirit—merely the outline. A field slave at the south, to whom meat was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took it out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. "O how fat! berry fat! the fattest I ebber did see! Let's see now how I cook him. I roast him; no, be so fat, lose all de grease. I fry him; ah, yes, he so berry fat he fry himself. Golly! how fat he be! No, I won't fry him, I stew him."—The thought of the savory stew made him forget himself, and in spreading out the least in his imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end to the matter, and surmounting all his philosophy, he thus addressed his rabbit, shaking his fist at him all the time: "You long eared, white whiskered, red eyed son of a gun, you not so berry fat arter all, nodder.—*Free Press.*

THE EX-DEY OF ALGIERS.

Hussein Pacha is supposed to have been 75 years of age at the time of his death. He ascended the throne of Algiers at the age of 57, and was dethroned at 70. During the 13 years of his reign he never went out of the Casauba until the time when he quitted it for ever.

He was fully prepared for his fall. It had been predicted, together with the close of the Turkish domination in Algiers, by an old prophecy, attributed to a Santon (a Mussulman Monk) who in his life-time was almost worshipped. He foretold that *red men* would come from beyond the sea to accomplish the degree of fate. Hussein accordingly resigned himself to his destiny as soon as he heard the first reports of the landing of the French at Sidi-Ferruch. "They form a *red line*, (said the Aga Generalissimo in his despatch.) They keep together, which renders their movements slow. They have not the velocity of your faithful warriors. We shall experience little difficulty in subduing them, and bringing them prisoners to you, if they do not prefer paying the penalty due to their audacity by perishing in the waters of the great sea."

The Dey, however, did not share these hopes. The intelligence greatly depressed his spirits, and he took no measure to lay the storm.

The above prediction was communicated to the General-in-Chief of the French expedition, a few days after he entered the Casauba, and it came to him accompanied by another prophesy, which was shortly afterwards realized. It was that the expulsion of the King of France would speedily follow that of the Dey.

When the Algiers mulvin was recruited in Asia, the vilest characters were received into it. Malefactors, whose enrolment secured to them an amnesty for the past, and opened a brilliant perspective for the future, were always numerous among the recruits despatched for the Regency. But Hussein was not one of that degraded class. He had sprung from a respectable family, and had received a certain degree of education.

At Algiers his advancement was rapid. He was a minister when, without the aid of intrigue, he became the object of the usually capricious choice of the militia. He married his wife when he was yet in a very inferior rank, and he generously made her share his elevated fortune, without availing himself of the knowledge of plurality of wives, which is always considered one of the prerogatives of the throne. Besides his wife he had two daughters, the issue of this union. He married the eldest to the Aga, the second individual in the Empire; the same who conducted the war against the French. He was to all respects a man of mere mediocrity, but he remained faithful to Hussein and followed him in his exile.

After the marriage of his eldest daughter, Hussein determined to contign to chance the choice of a husband for the second. One day as he was sauntering along the sea-shore he observed a fisherman, whom fortune favored with abundant captures of fish. He sent for him, and offered him his daughter in marriage. The poor fisherman, almost transfixed with astonishment, replied according to the Turkish custom by the words, —*Inch Allah* (if it please God.) The marriage was immediately announced, and that same day the bridegroom of fate was created Minister of the Marine, a post which he still filled at the time of the capitulation.

Hussein's disposition was far from sanguinary. He is accused of only one act of cruelty; the death of the Aga, preceding the last, who was a man generally regretted.

It is said that the private treasury of the Dey, which was conceded to him by the capitulation, contains an enormous amount both of money and jewels.

There is a report, though there appears to be no just ground for giving credit to it, that the death of the Dey was occasioned by poison, administered to him by his wife, who, it is added, had conceived an attachment for an individual who was formerly a chief of the Mamelukes.—*London Court Journal.*

COMPASSION.—A sick man observed to his wife, 'my dear, I am not well to day, will you prepare me a light dinner?' 'What will you have Mr. P.?' 'Apple dumplings.' They were accordingly made, and Mr. P. sat down solus to a dish of eighteen! After having despatched seventeen and a half, and showing strong indications of finishing the remaining morsel, a little urchin a son of his cried out, 'Oh dad, gim me that.' He very pathetically replied, 'go away my son—poor dad is sick.'—*Eastern Paper.*

NO MISTAKE.—"Sambo! where does 'Squire Peters live?" said a traveller to a negro lad who sat grinning and balancing himself on a rail.—"Turn up dat street; den pass dat pond; den turn the right, den the left; den strike off de old farm side Mamm'shed's house, and keep going on where you see Phillis in de field; and you *cant help missing on't.*"—*Claremont (N. H.) Eagle.*

A DUTCH MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

(From "*Ten Years in South Africa,*" by Lieut. J. W. D. Moodie.)

For several years Marinus Botha had not been able to lie down in his bed for fear of suffocation, and the only way he could get any sleep was by leaning his head on the table before him; in this manner he could procure a little rest, which was only for a few minutes at a time. It is difficult to describe his person, for shape he had hardly any. A huge bag of fat hung below his chin, and the flesh of his ankles hung down till it touched his shoes. Notwithstanding his enormous size, he was a great gourmand, and thought little of devouring several pounds of mutton at a meal, after which he could sometimes drink a bottle of brandy without being affected by it. He was at this period beginning to feel some alarm at his increasing dimensions, and took from time to time a journey in a waggon to Swellendidy to consult the medical practioner on his case. On these occasions, he would call on his way at Groot Vaders Bosch; but the doctor, who had killed many men without intending it, could not succeed by any means in checking the growth of his unwieldy person, who began to fancy that he was afflicted with dropsy; and he was confirmed in the idea by the opinions of his family and neighbours.

In a country where it was found most convenient to bury the dead as speedily as possible, it is common for elderly people to keep a coffin in their houses ready for their own use, or to lend to any of their neighbours who may chance to die before them. In travelling through this part of the colony, if you cast your eyes upwards in a "boer's" house, the rather melancholy object may be often seen lying across the beams; and so far from exciting any unpleasant feelings, it has often been pointed out to me by the old farmers with great self-complacency, as proof of their good management in being beforehand with time.

Our bulky friend arrived one day at Groot Vaders Bosch in his waggon accompanied by two of his sons. After sitting for some time and drinking a glass of brandy, he informed us that he had come to get a coffin made for his own use, as he had the "water," (dropsy,) and did not expect to live long, and had moreover, grown to such a size, that none of his neighbours had any large enough to hold him. "That's true, father, what you say," replied one of the young men, without altering a muscle of his countenance.

My brother had two carpenters in an adjoining outhouse employed in making up various articles of furniture for sale among the farmers; and to their workshop I accompanied our visitor. James Learmouth, a little sly drunken body, was hard at work at his bench, and singing one of our favorite Scottish songs, in a manner that showed he was more occupied with the words and the recollections to which they gave rise, than the modulation of his notes. He had just come to the words of Burns—

"We twa hae paidled in the burn,
When simmer days were fine."

when we entered his shop.

Observing the lusty customer who darkened his door, Jamie quitted his plane, and addressed him with a sly twinkle, in a jargon in which Dutch and broad Scotch were curiously intermingled. "Goe'n dag Myoheer Botha; hoo faar you the day?"—"I come," answered Botha, in his own language, "to have a coffin made."—"I can shune to do that for ye," replied Jamie; "but is't for yersel?"—"Yes, certainly." "Faith, ye'll need a gude big ane," said the carpenter; "but it ye'll joost tay yersel' out on the bed there, I'll shune tak yer measure."

Jamie cast a sly look at me as he made this proposal; for he knew it was easier said than done. However, with the assistance of his sons the old farmer, who had seated himself on the side of the bed, was gradually lowered down on his back, to the great danger of the conscious bedstead, which uttered sundry discontented creaks, at the unusual weight bestowed on it, which seemed to excite Jamie's fear not a little for his hastily constructed couch.

Poor Botha's sufferings in this position were so great, that if the carpenter had not completed his measurements with expedition, he must infallibly have died of suffocation on the spot. His respirations ceased almost entirely as long as he lay in a horizontal position; and it was not until he was again raised up that the air pent up in his lungs found a passage, when it rushed out like the blowing of a porpoise when he comes to the surface of the water.

When Marinus could collect his thoughts he again addressed the workmen. "Hear, James, you must make my coffin roomy enough, for I'll swell up very much when I am dead." While he was retiring to his wagon, his son took Jamie by the arm and begged him to make the coffin close in the joints; "for" he added, "father will perhaps run out after he is dead." The perfect apathy and sang-froid with which these serious arrangements were made, were highly characteristic of the people.

This kind of indifference to death is generally to be observed among ignorant people; but, in addition to their extreme ignorance on all subjects unconnected with their peculiar mode of life, the Dutch colonists entertain rather extravagant notions of the privileges of Christians, and are in general persuaded that all who have been sprinkled with a little water go to Heaven when they die, as a matter of course. One thing, however, puzzles them sadly—how the baptized Hottentots and slaves are to be disposed of after death; for they think it quite impossible that an order of beings whom they are accustomed to regard with such contempt should be placed on an equality with themselves.

Hock and Hood.—"Do you play upon the piano?" asked a young lady of Hood, the other day. "No Madam, I only play upon words," said the Comic Annualist. "Do you, Sir?" said she, addressing the author of "Sayings and Doings." "No, Madam," said Hook, "the piano's not my forte."

SICILIAN FACTS.

The Corrupt Judge.

Towards the middle of the last century a daring murder was committed in a coffee-house in Valletta, by a young man, the son of people in respectable circumstances, who, having words with another, on a very slight provocation, drew out a knife and stabbed him mortally; he then made his escape, but was captured next day by the officers of the police. Notwithstanding the testimony of several witnesses to the fact, and other convincing circumstantial evidence against him, the prisoner persisted (indeed his only feasible defence) in denying his having been the person who had inflicted the wound: he even underwent the torture of the cavalletto, which I have elsewhere described, without coming to a confession. Notwithstanding this pertinacity, the presiding judge, satisfied by the evidence brought forward, condemned him to death. Petitions and supplications were made to no purpose to the judge for his intercession with the grand master, and to that prince himself, for pardon. The time allotted being expired, the criminal, as is the custom in Malta, was removed three days previous to execution into the condemned chapel, where, with a spiritual adviser, people in that unhappy situation pass the few sad minutes remaining to them in the offices of preparing themselves, by communion and prayer, for that pardon in the next world, from which human policy excludes them in this.

Two of these trying days had past, when the father of the criminal, persuading himself that even yet a pardon might be obtained for his son, could he but succeed in engaging the influence of the judge who had condemned him, in his favour, on the evening proceeding the day on which the sentence was to be carried into execution, presented himself just as it darkened, at the door of that functionary. Admittance was at first refused; but a devceur to the servant soon opened both the door and the ear of the judge to the supplicant. An abrupt negative had been already given in terms the most unequivocal, when the distracted parent, taking from under his cloak a bag containing one thousand Maltese crowns, a large sum for the time and place, put it on the table, giving the judge to understand that double that amount would be forthcoming in the event of a pardon being granted to his unhappy son. The judge remained for several minutes silent and absorbed in thought; at length he told the father in a low voice, but plain terms, that late as it now was and difficult from that and other circumstances, he would still, though the result was far from certain, do his best to avert the cruel doom impending over the young man. After a little further consideration he dismissed him with an order of admission to the prison, where, under the pretext of taking a last leave of his child, he was to devise some plan for getting the priest out of the way, and detaining him as long as possible, in order to leave the judge sufficient time and free scope for putting into execution a design which he had already conceived. Some what consoled, and relying on the judge's ingenuity, the father retired. Complying with the directions given him, he says his son, engaged the priest to accompany him home, and kept him occupied in discourse until he supposed the judge had found time to carry his plan, whatever it might be, into effect.

The judge, in the meantime, eager to insure the remainder of the sum promised, had formed his project; application so late to the prince he knew was not only useless, but might bring discredit and suspicion on himself, as he had reported the case, from the commencement, as one of together unworthy of mercy, and as calling for a severe and awful example. Sending for the gaoler, who kept a watch over the prisoner during the night, and was considered as a sufficient guard, from the latter being heavily ironed, and the chapel within the prison walls, where a single call would immediately bring effectual assistance, he proceeded to have still some doubts respecting the guilt of the young man, and feigned himself anxious to know if he had yet made an open avowal of his crimes; the disclosures made to his spiritual adviser being, as our readers are aware, under the sacred seal of confession, never in the most distant manner to be alluded to, much less divulged, without incurring the guilt of sacrilege. Having heard the man's reply, the judge, under pretence of retiring to his library to consult some authorities on the subject, left the room, directing him on no account to move from the spot before his return. This done, he lost not an instant in proceeding to the prison; entering the chapel, he told the young man, whom he found in a state of extreme mental agitation, brought on by the horrors of his dreadful situation, wavering between the fear of approaching death, and the hope, slight as it was, held out to him by his father, that there was still a chance of safety for him, provided he complied immediately and exactly with his directions—"I am now about," he said, "to release you from your letters; but you must be aware, in an island so limited in extent as that of Malta, there is not the slightest chance of your escaping the vigilance and research of the officers of justice, alert as they will naturally be the instant you are found missing from these walls; take therefore this dagger," and he drew one from under his vest, "proceed instantly to the coffee-house in which you committed the murder—it is not late, you will certainly find people there at this hour—enter boldly, take good care that you are seen and recognized by all present, then resolutely plunge the weapon into the body of the person nearest you, and immediately with all possible speed, and leave the rest to me; but recollect that every thing depends on your dexterity and despatch." The criminal, though just trembling on the verge of eternity, and fresh from the pious exhortations of a minister of that God whose laws he had already so heinously offended, readily consented, at the suggestion of the wily judge, to cover himself from the consequences of one murder by the commission of another still more atrocious. He took the knife, and left the chapel. His infernal adviser remained behind in a state of anxiety and agitation; a few minutes relieved him from his suspense; the coffee-house was not far distant from the quarter in which the prison was situated. The young man returned confused and trembling, as persons recent from the commission of any dreadful offence are wont. Having ascertained the success of his abominable machinations, the judge carefully reconsigned the murderer to his letters, and recommended re mercy and presence of mind, for his own sake, took his leave.

With hurried and irregular steps he had rushed into the coffee-house, the scene of his former crime; his haggard countenance, his violent emotions, the wild glance of his unsettled eye, instantly drew the attention of all present, as he stood for a moment the object of their gaze. An exclamation of wonder ran round—it was surely the prisoner under sentence of death. No—that was impossible; yet how remarkable a likeness! The desperate man gave them but little time for question and conjecture, he ere turning rapidly round, he plunged his dagger into the bosom of an unhappy individual who was standing near the door, and dispersed with the rapidity of lightning; his unfortunate victim fell immediately, uttering a feeble cry. Medical assistance was at hand, but all hope was the throw, that in a few minutes he was already a corpse. The unexpectedness and suddenness of the blow, the confusion and alarm of the beholders, who were fixed to the spot in terror and amazement, effectually precluded any attempt to arrest the assassin.

A murder so openly and daringly perpetrated soon threw the whole city of Valletta into consternation; thousands flocked to see the bleeding body. Many people had beheld the dead and recognised the murderer; but though it appeared to them, the culprit lying at the time in the condemned chapel and awaiting his doom in the morning, they never for a moment entertained a suspicion of its being really so. Valletta was very populous, and contained many strangers; the murderer was therefore, in the opinion of all, an unknown person, bearing a striking and remarkable resemblance to the prisoner, perhaps the very individual who had been guilty of the prior crime. The wonderful and strange tale soon reached the ears of the judge; that impartial magistrate at once perceived the strong probability that the identity of the prisoner under condemnation had been mistaken; his resolution in asserting his innocence, which had always appeared extraordinary, warranted this opinion. To satisfy, however, himself and the public, he immediately sent to the prison to ascertain if the criminal was really still in custody; being soon convinced upon this head, he took upon himself to suspend the execution, which was to have taken place soon after daybreak, until these extraordinary circumstances should be satisfactorily investigated. In the morning, having the deposition of the person present at the murder, he proceeded to the palace of the grand master, to whom he submitted the whole case, now putting every thing in the most favorable light possible for the prisoner. A fact so superlatively atrocious as the real one was not likely to be suspected; the grand master, naturally loath in a case of so much doubt to take away the life of a fellow creature, at the instigation of the judge, first respited, and in a few days afterwards granting a pardon to the young man, who was set at liberty. He soon after left the island, and it was not until many years afterwards, when the grand master, the judge, the gaoler, and the servant, had all ceased to exist, that the strange story transpired, the murderer then an old man and in a foreign country, himself disclosing it.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

On Working Oxen.—We copy the following remarks on working oxen from the Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, contained in a letter from the Hon. Levi Lincoln to John Hare Powel, Esq.

"The best broken oxen are those which are early trained and accustomed to the yoke with occasional light work. They are often broken as early as at one or two years of age, with gentle and patient usage. At this period they are more docile and tractable, and it is thought become more powerful, by being sooner accustomed to each other, and to the application of their strength to the draft. I believe they may be taught to travel in almost any gait; certain it is, the rate at which oxen differently broken, will walk with their load, would seem incredible to a person ignorant of the difference in the mode of their training. To accustom them to a quick pace, they should at first be driven in the yoke while young, without any, or a very light weight, and never heavily loaded, until they have arrived at full strength and maturity.

"A great fault with many people is too much indifference to *the construction of the yoke.* Almost any shapeless piece of wood, with holes for the insertion of the bows, is made to answer; but to the ease of the draft, the adaption of the yoke or bow to the neck of the bullock, and the position of the staple and ring in the yoke, are altogether material. For common use, and particularly for ploughing, I have found that yokes were generally too short. Cattle of the largest size, require a yoke from 4½ to 5 feet in length. In short yokes they are apt to 'haul as it is termed,—that is, draw from each other, and to such a degree in some instances, as to cross their fore legs, and destroy their power and greatly impede their progress. *I once owned a pair made totally useless by this habit, and afterwards entirely corrected by the application of a yoke* 18 *inches longer.* A short yoke is necessary only in snow paths, where cattle would otherwise *crowd against* each other, the opposite of *hauling*, but of the same mischievous effect.

"In respect to what oxen may be made to do in a short time, or as an experiment upon their strength, I must refer you to the results of our ploughing matches. With us they are but little used upon the road, except in the transportation of heavy loads for short distances in the same town or between neighboring towns. One reason why horses are preferred for wagoning on the road, may be that they can be made to travel quicker, and that from the construction of the hoof they are less liable to lameness, than the cloven-footed ox, by becoming foot-sore. On the other hand, the patient and steady labor of the ox, finds no substitute in the horse for the service of the farm; and the latter is seldom seen there except in occasional aid of the ox team, or with the light plough between the rows of corn. The value of a yoke of oxen, or a pair of horses, for use in all the business of a farm, admits of no comparison. So decided is the preference for the former, that I do not believe a single farmer can be found in this extensive agricultural county who performs his labor by horses without oxen; while there are *hundreds*, I had almost said *thousands*, who make no other use of horses in husbandry, than to furrow for planting, and plough among their corn for hoeing.

"Our oxen are kept in a cheaper and less expensive manner than horses. In the summer they are uniformly grazed in the pastures. In the cold and winter seasons they are put into the barns, and fed upon the *stock* hay, as it is called, that which grows in meadows, and upon the fodder of corn stalks, husks, &c. unless indeed they are more severely worked than usual, when hay of better quality is given them; and in all cases, as the spring advances, their keeping is improved, and with better hay, some grain is added. I speak of the general practice of farmers. There are some who keep their oxen more *generously*, and others more *hardly* than I have mentioned. But with a clean and warm stable, *with daily application of the carry-comb and card*, and coarse food, without severe labor, the best farmers will at all times exhibit teams of most vigorous and powerful cattle, and their best hay and their grain will be saved in their beef and pork, and in the produce of their dairies, for the market."

Beets.—Beets furnish from a given surface of ground a greater quantity of nutriment for horses and cattle than any other kind of forage. Wherever its cultivation is understood, it has the preference over all other roots. It succeeds in almost all soils, is but little affected by the vicissitudes of seasons, does not much *lear* drowth, and prepares the ground very well for a succeeding crop.

Throughout Belgium and Germany, the leaves are from time to time stripped off and given to the cattle, which eat them with avidity and esteem them upon them. Fowls are also fed upon them. They are first hashed up, and then mixed with bran. Pigs eat them with a good relish. Milk-Cows, when fed upon them, fatten at the expense of their milk. The leaves are equally valuable in the fattening of cattle and sheep.

Beets should be gathered when the weather is dry, and put away in a dry state; and when prepared for cattle, they must be cut up fine with some suitable instrument, and may be given either alone or mixed with straw or hay.

They are equally fit for horses, with the precaution of adding a variety of cut straw and hay well mixed together. This food will preserve them strong and vigorous, as is well ascertained in Germany, where beets are much cultivated for this purpose.

For the fattening of a bullock, forty or fifty pounds of beets per day, mixed with five or six pounds of dry fodder, will accomplish the object in the space of four months. Care must be taken to give it in three separations, since by feeding often and in small quantities at a time, the same amount of nutriment goes further.

Finally—by facilitating the means of stable fattening through the year, beets furnish a very important addition to the means of augmenting the mass of valuable manure.

They may serve also, on occasion, for the food of men; they are less subject to the vicissitudes of seasons than turneps, and their leaves supply for several months an excellent food for cattle. The root may be easily preserved during eight months of the year. They give to milk an excellent taste and quality. Cattle eat them with avidity and are never tired of them. The culture of no forage root can compare with that of the beet in the number of advantages which the industrious cultivator may derive from them. We cannot too strongly recommend the introduction of them into places where they are not al eady in vogue.—*Bib. Univ. for 1831.*

Almanacs.—The ancient Persians used to engrave upon certain sticks, about a foot in length, shorter or longer as they pleased, the course of the moons of the whole year, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new-moons, full-moons, and changes should happen; and such carved sticks they called *Almon-acht*, that is to say, *All-wonder-ed*; to wit, the regard or observation of all the moons; and hence is derived the name of Almanac. There is, in St. John's college, Cambridge, a Saxon almanac, exactly answering to the above description.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 2 South Third street, half way between Market and Chestnut, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tanners' Bark, &c. &c. viz:

2,000 La Plata Hides, 900 La Guyra Hides,
300 Chili do. 300 Pernambuco, do.
1000 Rio Grande, do. all of the best quality.

700 Heavy Green Salted Patna Hides, for Upper Leather
100 Hide, Goat Pelts and Bank Oil.

All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.

A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. Leather warranted, for whatever purpose used, unless good will be given to cure, as to exchange for Hides.

DAVID SIGLEPATRICK,
No. 2 South Third Street.

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of the City and County of Philadelphia.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Having been recommended by a Town Meeting of my fellow citizens, I offer myself as a candidate before you for the office of Sheriff of the City and County of Philadelphia, and request the favor of your support for the next at the ensuing Election. Should my request be granted, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office entrusted with punctuality and fidelity. Yours, respectfully,

JOSEPH SNYDER.

Vegetable Worm Lozenges.

THESE Lozenges can be recommended with confidence to the notice of a community who have suffered so severely from those troublesome and dangerous vermin; and being so palatable to the taste, that children will eat them freely, and in case and freeing, that medicine of a nauseous nature. They being purely vegetable, it is hoped that no fear will be given without that superstitious, where mercurial remedies have been used, and by medical men, who have prescribed them, a safe combination of them embracing every thing that is requisite in their effect, for the present disease. Sold wholesale and retail by the subscriber, No. 21 South Fourth street.

CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL.

They may also be had at the Southeast corner of Pine and Sixth streets; at Peck Brown's drug store, corner of 5th and Chestnut sts.; at Wm. Mellor's, corner of Market and 5th sts.; and at Joseph Brooks, Kensington, opposite the market house.

ODONTALGIC A.—A Medicine to relieve the Tooth Ache. These pills, prepared by a celebrated Dentist of London, are of great use, by the introduction of one of them into the bottom of a decayed Tooth, in a very short time; and no injury ensues to the surrounding Teeth from the use of them. This discovery is worthy the attention of those afflicted with the Tooth Ache in this complaint, often from nothing hesitation as a valuable article to the community. To be had as above, 21 South Fourth street. june 6—6m

Mrs. R. L. Smith,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public generally, that her store, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been refitted, and that she can now offer a new and extensive assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at the old stand, No. 104 North Second street, below Race, west side.

These goods have been selected with great care, comprising the newest and most desirable styles in the market, and will be sold at the usually low prices. The following articles are included in her assortment, viz: London style prints, stripe and plaid ginghams, rich fancy do. cambric and lawn muslins, head, small and 9-4 do., super stripe do., rich plaid and check do., assorted super work do., rich embroidered and do. dress and all dressed linens, lace lawns and Holland, rich style painted muslins, super painted lawns, furniture and furniture dimities, insertions, trimmings, cambric and jaconet edgings, white and black cotton hose, fancy and cotton do., ladies' and children's do., super painted lawns, furniture and furniture dimities, insertions, trimmings, cambric and jaconet edgings, white and black cotton hose, fancy and cotton do., ladies' and children's do., super painted lawns, furniture and furniture dimities, insertions, trimmings, cambric and jaconet edgings, white and black cotton hose, fancy and cotton do.,